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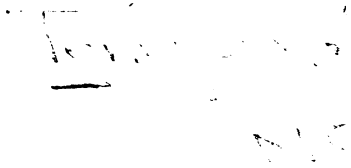
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Tennyson



TENNYSON'S

IN MEMORIAM, THE PRINCESS, AND MAUD

IN MEMORIAM, THE PRINCESS, AND MAUD

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

EDITED WITH CRITICAL INTRODUCTIONS, COMMENTARIES AND NOTES, TOGETHER WITH THE VARIOUS READINGS

BY

JOHN CHURTON COLLINS

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PREFACE

THE pioneer of a critical edition of Tennyson's poems is little to be envied. Never since Milton has a poet been so fastidiously scrupulous about the minutiæ of expression and language, about the exact forms of inflexion, about spelling, about the collocation of vowels and consonants, about the use of small or capital letters, about the use of italics, about punctuation. It is well known that Milton ordered the substitution of "hundreds" for "hunderds" in *Paradise Lost*, i. 760, and the substitution of "we" for "wee" in book ii. 414 of the same poem, to be noted specially as *errata*, and that he studied with the nicest care the forms of "thir" and "their," insisting importunately on the printers observing the distinction. But the work of an editor of Milton, even if he be as conscientious in his drudgery as the poet in the nobler activity of composition, is a comparatively easy one; for of the Minor Poems there are only two authentic editions, of *Paradise Lost* two also, of *Paradise Regained* and of *Samson Agonistes* one. The editions of Tennyson's various works are so numerous that no Bibliography records them, and no single library, public or private, so far at least as I can discover, contains them. These editions teem with variants, and so restlessly, one might almost say morbidly, indefatigable was Tennyson in correction, that till an edition, even though there be *no indication on the* title page that it is anything more

than a reprint, is inspected, there is no security that the text has not been altered. Backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards fluctuate the incessantly shifting variants. Take, for instance, *In Memoriam*, x. 5:—

> Thou *bringest* the sailor to his wife

is the reading of the first two editions; the third substitutes "bring'st"; the fourth, seventh, and ninth return to "bringest"; in 1875 "bring'st" reappears; in 1877 "bringest" is restored; and in the final edition there is a return to "bring'st"; and this is typical of the history of numberless variants. In *In Memoriam*, cxv. 6, 7, the earlier and later editions read

> The distance takes a lovelier hue,
> And drown'd in yonder living blue
> The lark, etc.;

but suddenly appears in 1875, disappearing immediately afterwards,

> The distance takes a living hue,
> And drown'd in yonder livelier blue.

I have done my best to make the record of the variants exhaustive, and also to fix the exact dates of each. But to fix the exact dates has not been possible in some cases, for the simple reason that all the innumerable editions of the three poems have not been accessible to me. All I could do was to collate the editions obtainable in the British Museum and in other public libraries, or borrowed from friends, or inspected through the courtesy of innumerable booksellers,—to whom sincere thanks for that courtesy are due,—and all this I have done with more labour and expenditure of time than one cares to remember.

The critical opinions in the Introductions will, of course,

be taken for what they are worth; but I should be very sorry if any emphasis in expression should be mistaken for dogmatism, the one infirmity in criticism which is at once ridiculous and inexcusable. Like my contemporaries, I belong to a generation which has been so much under the spell of Tennyson's genius that an impartial estimate of him can hardly be expected from us, but I have endeavoured to judge him as he would himself have desired to be judged, not in comparison with the Dii Minores but with the Dii Majores of his art. And if by such a comparison he is not likely to gain, to what other poet since the death of Wordsworth would not such a comparison be fatal?

It will be seen that a special feature of the notes is illustration by parallel passages. Such illustrations, generally speaking, belong rather to the trifles and curiosities of criticism, to its *tolerabiles nugæ*, than to anything approaching importance. But they seem to me, as they have seemed to many of my betters among critics, always at least of interest. In the case of some poets, notably of Virgil, of Milton, of Gray, and of Tennyson, they are not merely of interest but indispensable in commentary. Eminently learned, these poets studied the works of their predecessors as minutely and reverently as they studied nature. And to trace their obligations, direct and indirect, to those predecessors, to note how they applied, moulded, or modified the material thus derived, is surely an essential part of a commentator's duty. Many of the parallels here pointed out are, of course, only parallels in all probability accidental, but some of them undoubtedly represent Tennyson's originals.

It remains for me to add that where I have owed anything to *preceding* commentators—three of whom

deserve special mention, Mr. S. E. Dawson, author of *A Study of The Princess*, published by Messrs. Sampson Low in 1882, Mr. Percy M. Wallace, editor of an excellent edition of that poem published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1893, and Professor A. C. Bradley, author of an interesting and valuable Commentary on *In Memoriam* published by the same firm last year—I have acknowledged it in the notes. I have, of course, made much use of the Life of Tennyson by the present Lord Tennyson, to whom I am grateful in the abstract. I am also obliged to my son, Mr. Laurence Collins, for the assistance which he has given me in the miserable drudgery of collation. But above all, my thanks are due to Messrs. Macmillan, who have most generously allowed me to insert a section of *In Memoriam*, and to cite all the variants, still protected by copyright, without which permission the present work would have been impossible.

IN MEMORIAM

INTRODUCTION

It is scarcely necessary to say that the collection of poems published under the title of *In Memoriam* was so entitled because the poems were dedicated to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, eldest son of Henry Hallam, the eminent historian. As the poems are the records of real incidents and are associated very intimately with the personal life and character of young Hallam, some account of him is appropriate. He was born in Bedford Place, London, on the 1st of February 1811, so that he was some eighteen months younger than Tennyson. As a boy he was unusually precocious. After spending some months in Germany and Switzerland in 1818, and reading with a private tutor in 1820, he entered Eton in 1822 as the pupil of the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, and at Eton he remained till the summer of 1827. When, in October 1828, he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge, he was the master of many accomplishments. Though not an exact scholar, he could read Greek and Latin with fluency, and had a sympathetic acquaintance with the chief classics. With Italian he was profoundly and nicely acquainted, and had written several sonnets in that language, which Panizzi some years afterwards described as "much superior not only to what foreigners have written, but to what I thought possible for them to write in Italian." He had distinguished himself in the Debating Society at Eton,

seem to have been exaggerated, scarcely even idealised. Of his person Fanny Kemble has given this description, which may be compared with the last two stanzas of *In Memoriam*, section lxxxvii.: "There was a gentleness and purity almost virginal in his voice, manner, and countenance, and the upper part of his face and eyes (perhaps in readiness for his early translation) wore the angelic radiance which they still must wear in Heaven. . . . On his brow and eyes the heavenly light, so fugitive on other human faces, rested habitually, as if he was thinking and seeing in Heaven."[1] Dean Alford wrote of him: "Hallam was a man of wonderful mind and knowledge on all subjects, hardly credible at his age. . . . I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew. He was of the most tender, affectionate disposition;"[2] and the late Lord Houghton spoke of him as "being the only man of my standing to whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." Gladstone has also left emphatic testimony to his powers and promise: "There was perhaps no one among those who were blessed with his friendship who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid, full, and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his

> All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All-subtilising intellect.

It would be easy to show what in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted to him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, 'This he never could have done.' Enough remains from among his early efforts, to

[1] *Record of a Girlhood*, vol. ii. p. 3.
[2] Quoted in Tennyson's *Life*, vol. i. p. 107.

accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him."[1]

If we turn to his *Remains*, which were first printed by his father in 1834 for private circulation, and afterwards, with some deductions, published in 1853, we shall find ample corroboration of these testimonies to his extraordinary abilities and promise. The *Remains* consist of selections from his poems and of certain prose pieces, the chief of which are an *Oration on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination* — a College exercise, an *Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero*, *Remarks on Professor Rossetti's Disquisizioni sullo Spirito Antipapale*, and an essay entitled *Theodicæa Novissima*, which was not reprinted when the selections were published.[2] The poems are chiefly interesting as illustrating the seriousness, purity, and beauty of his character; but the prose pieces give evidence not only of very wide reading and culture, but of an acute, vigorous, and fertile mind. In intellectual power, subtlety, and fertility we should judge him to have been superior to his friend, and Tennyson has probably not exaggerated the extent of his indebtedness to him intellectually as well as morally and spiritually.[3] Where influence was reciprocal it is not, of course, possible to define what each owed to the other, but this is certain, that in these *Remains* and in Hallam's *Theodicæa Novissima* will be found the germs, and more than the germs, of many of Tennyson's characteristic teachings throughout his poems, but more especially in

[1] *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. ii. pp. 136–37.

[2] It is not easy to see why this most interesting fragment should have been suppressed; it occupies twenty-five pages, from 111–136, in the privately printed volume.

[3] For a very interesting account of Hallam and his characteristics, see Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, edition 1882, *pp. 419–86.*

In Memoriam.[1] However this may be, it was no doubt Hallam's influence, strengthened and consecrated by his

[1] Compare, for example—

> Repinement dwells not with the duteous free.
> We do the Eternal Will; and in that doing,
> Subject to no seducement or oppose,
> We owe a privilege, that reasoning man
> Hath no true touch of.
>
> *Remains, Meditative Fragments*, p. 11.

> The moving phantasies of things,
> And all our visual notions, shadow-like
> Half hide, half show, that All-sustaining One.
>
> *Ibid.* p. 16.

"The loss of religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these (*i.e.* scientific truths) are but dreadful shadows."—*Ibid.* p. 143.

"That mighty revolution (Christianity) which brought the poor and unlearned into the possession of a pure code of moral opinion, that before existed only for the wise, and crowned this great benefit by another . . . the insertion of a new life-giving motive into the rude mass of human desires, by the satisfaction it afforded to moral aspiration."—*Ibid.* p. 181. (*Cf.* with this *In Memoriam*, xxxvi.)

"Without the Gospel (of Love), nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the difference. It is possible and natural to love the Father, who has made us His children; it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin."—*Ibid.* p. 176.

From page 275 to 285 we have all the chief teachings of *In Memoriam*, the education through love and pain, set forth. Compare also with *In Memoriam* the following passages from the *Theodicæa Novissima*:—

"The great effect of the Incarnation was, as far as our nature is concerned, to render human love for the Most High a possible thing."—P. 132.

"Now that Christ has excited our love for Him by showing unutterable love for us; now that we know Him as our Elder Brother . . . it has become possible to love as God loves; that is, to love Christ, and thus to become united in heart to God."—P. 131.

"Unless the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable."—P. 130.

"Any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving *God, whether it substitute* for Him an idol, an occult agency, or a formal

death, which became the chief means of transforming the dainty and sentimental trifler of the poems of 1830 into the "sage and serious poet" of the subsequent volumes.

When *In Memoriam* was given to the world, it appeared as a connected work, and not as a series of fragmentary lyrics. But to make it a connected work was not Tennyson's original intention. The sections were written, he says, at many different places, and as the phases of his intercourse with Hallam came to his memory and suggested them. "I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many."[1] The sections composing the poem were written at intervals between the spring of 1834 and 1850, the year of its publication—"some in Lincolnshire, some in London, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales, anywhere where I happened to be" (*Life*, vol. i. p. 305). The *Life* enables us to assign dates, or approximate dates, to many of the sections. Those earliest in order of composition were ix., xxx., xxxi., lxxxv., xxviii. (*Life*, vol. i. p. 109). Section xcviii. must have been written in the spring of 1836 (*Ibid.* p. 148). Sections c.–ciii. refer to the removal of the Tennysons from Somersby in 1837, and civ.–v. to their settlement at High Beech, Epping Forest. Section lxxxvi. was written at Barmouth in 1839 (*Ibid.* p. 313), and possibly some of the other sections in the same key: see lxxxviii., lxxxix., xci., cxv., cxvi., cxxi., cxxii. By Christmas 1841 the poem had made much progress; for Edmund Lushington says, "The number of memorial poems had rapidly increased," adding that he heard for

creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man."—P. 136.

"The great error of the Deistical mode of arguing is the assumption that intellect is something more pure and akin to Divinity than emotion."—P. 135.

[1] *Life, vol. i. p. 304.*

the first time vi. and li. (*Ibid.* p. 202–3). We also learn that "the sections about evolution," presumably liv., lv., lvi., cxviii., cxx., had been written before the publication of Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*, in 1844 (*Ibid.* p. 223). In the summer of 1845 further progress had been made, and the Epilogue had been written (*Ibid.* p. 203). Section cxxvii. appears to refer to the events of 1848. If Canon Rawnsley be correct (see *Memories of the Tennysons*, p. 121), cxxi. was composed shortly before the poems were published. The fragmentary way in which *In Memoriam* was composed is indicated in the titles orginally applied to it by Tennyson. It is sometimes spoken of as "Memorial Poems," sometimes as "the Elegies," sometimes as "Fragments of an Elegy."

It is clear, then, that *In Memoriam* was composed, like the *Idylls of the King*, after a purely fragmentary fashion, and that the idea of weaving the fragments into a connected whole and giving them unity was an afterthought. The poet has certainly been more successful with his lyric fragments than with his epic, though, like the *Idylls*, his work retains, in spite of all his efforts to give it unity, too evident traces of the manner in which it was composed. And how has this unity been attained, and in what way is the poem to be regarded as a connected whole? It is an important question, for though its charm as lyric poetry is in no way dependent on the relation of its parts to its whole, its power and its deeper significance are essentially dependent on its unity. This unity Tennyson indicated when he called the poem "The Way of the Soul" (*Life*, vol. i. p. 393), and has explained more fully in saying that "it was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness. . . . The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically *given, and my* conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering

will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love. 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking thro' him. After the Death of A. H. H., the divisions of the poem are made by First Xmas Eve (xxviii.), Second Xmas (lxxviii.), Third Xmas Eve (civ. and cv., etc.)."[1] It is on these indications from the author that we must take our stand, and the analysis of the general scheme becomes easy. The poem falls, then, into four cycles.[2]

Cycle I

I.—xxviii.–xxx.

The note here till the arrival of Christmas is pure elegy, when the cloud of grief is darkest. As throughout the poem Nature and Nature's phenomena, penetrated subjectively with the emotions of the mourner, become symbols of the dominant mood, the monotonous gloom of the Yew-tree (ii.) and the desolate house in the drizzling dawn (vii.) are here the symbol. The sections group themselves as the divisions suggested to Mr. Knowles indicate. Then comes Christmas, and with it the dawn of hope.

[1] *Life*, vol. i. p. 305.

[2] In an article contributed to the *Nineteenth Century* for Jan. 1893, "Aspects of Tennyson, II.," Mr. James Knowles tells us that Tennyson himself divided the poem into nine groups: (1) from stanza ? (section) i. to viii., (2) from ix. to xx., (3) from xxi. to xxviii., (4) from xxix. to xlix., (5) from l. to lviii., (6) from lix. to lxxi., (7) from lxxii. to xcviii., (8) from xcix. to ciii., (9) from civ. to cxxxi. And into those groups the poem may obviously be divided from a lyrical point of view, but hardly from a philosophical or theological point of view, as the second Christmas, one of the essential stages in the spiritual significance of the poem, is ignored. It is therefore better to accept the division given in the *Life* as the authentic one, though the division given by Mr. Knowles may be *incorporated.*

The key, ~~if we may use the expression, to~~ this cycle is given us in XXX. :—

> A *rainy* cloud possess'd the earth,
> And *sadly* fell our Christmas-eve.

CYCLE II

XXXI.—LXXVIII.

Grief, having now passed out of its passionate stage, and the cloud, though not lifted, lightened, finds again its symbol in the Yew-tree, not all mere gloom now; for its

> gloom is kindled at the tips,
> (XXXIX.)

even though it

> passes into gloom again.
> (*Ibid.*)

Then follow a series of poems, partly speculative, partly elegiac. What is the present state of the dead? If the soul be not immortal, of what avail is life? Fears that the severance wrought by death may be final: the possible relation of the dead to the living: the hopelessness of deducing from Nature any presumption that the soul can be immortal. Can it be that the spirit of the dead friend can have any memories of his life on earth, any care for him who is left behind? Though the foolish world see no good in sorrow, yet out of sorrow emerges divine wisdom. Then, in storm and rain, comes in the anniversary of his friend's death, and sadly the mourner thinks of the life that Fame's wreath might have crowned —but what is fame, of what avail? Then comes Christmas, and he can even ask whether sorrow may not wane, *whether regret* may not die.

Again the key—

> The *silent snow* possess'd the earth,
> And *calmly* fell our Christmas-eve.
>
> (lxxviii.)

Cycle III

LXXIX.—CIV.–CV.

In this cycle grief, softened and tranquillised, finds solace and strength in memories and hopes; and the appeal to the new-year to hasten its coming (lxxxiii.), as well as the symbolic picture of the second anniversary of the death (xcix.), not now "lifting" its "burthen'd brows thro' clouds that drench the morning star," as in lxxii., but murmuring

> in the foliaged eves
> A song that slights the coming care,
>
> (xcix.)

strike the keynotes. Vivid memories of the past rise up before the mourner, and the truth of what he had felt even in the depth of his sorrow, that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all,
>
> (xxvii.)

now comes more nearly home to him. Human love has become sublimed into spiritual love, and the possibility of soul communing with soul, "spirit" with "spirit," "ghost" with "ghost," is contemplated, and in the wonderful 95th section that communion is, or seems to be, held. The cycle concludes with the exquisite lyric sections in which the poet takes leave of the scenes especially associated with the memory of his dead friend. Then, preceded by the vision *symbolising* new prospects and fuller life, comes the

Christmas, and with change of scene the dawn of larger hopes.

> We live within the stranger's land,
> And *strangely* falls our Christmas-eve.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> No dance, no motion, save alone
> What lightens in the lucid east
>
> Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
> Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
> Run out your measured arcs, and lead
> The closing cycle rich in good.
>
> (cv.)

Cycle IV

cvi.—cxxxi.

This cycle forms, as it were, a general epilogue to the poem, summing up the lessons which love and sorrow have taught. The new-year joy-bells usher it in with fitting music; it is spring in Nature and spring in the poet's heart.

> Now fades the last long streak of snow,
> Now burgeons every maze of quick.
>
> (cxv.)

Even the desolate house and the dreary London street have the light of life and hope on them (cxix., and compare with vii.):—

> I smell the meadow in the street;
>
> I hear a chirp of birds; I see
> Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
> A light-blue lane of early dawn.

The confidence that man is immortal and progressive, that if life and Nature be read, not in the light of "knowledge" but in the light of "wisdom," we shall know that there is no discrepancy between what Science reveals and *what* the God-inspired and God-directed instincts of man

suggest; that the God who rules the world is the God preached by Christ, a God of love, as watchful over the individual as over the whole, omnipotent, ubiquitous; that man's aim and prayer should be to subjugate his "will" to the will of God, the "will" being God's divine gift to man—these are the chief themes treated in this cycle.

It would perhaps be presumptuous to question the propriety of anything which an artist so refined and scrupulous as Tennyson deliberately admitted into his work. But on the taste of many the marriage-song with which the poem concludes can hardly fail to jar. Its point is obvious, and what can be advanced in its defence has been admirably put by Miss Chapman:[1] "Fitly the poet closes with a marriage-song. For his grief is turned to hope, his weeping into tranquil joy. Regret is dead, but love remains, and holy memories and healthy power to work for men. In the union of a beloved sister with a dear friend the poet finds a bright harmonious note on which to end his singing. For such a marriage is the very type of hope and of all things fair and bright and good, seeming to bring us nearer to the consummation for which we pray—that crowning race, that Christ that is to be." It still, however, remains that this is purchased at the heavy price of bathos which trembles on the ludicrous. "White favour'd horses," "the foaming grape of eastern France," "the double health," and the "three-times-three," are strange accompaniments to the conclusion of what was designed as "a kind of *Divina Commedia*." A *Paradiso* of this kind might surely have been dispensed with. Nor is anything added, with the exception of this revelry, respectable enough it is true, to what had been included in the poem itself.

[1] *A Companion to In Memoriam*, p. 72.

The central theme of *In Memoriam* is the education of the soul by love and sorrow, and whether designedly or not, it follows and illustrates very exactly the doctrine of the Platonic Ἔρως, which, as an educational influence, has six stages:—(1) contemplation of personal beauty in an individual; (2) of intellectual beauty in an individual; (3) of material beauty considered universally and in the abstract; (4) of intellectual beauty considered universally and in the abstract, by which the soul made conscious of its dignity is converted; (5) the light of the beautiful received into the soul; (6) the discovery, or rather re-discovery, of the Beautiful, the True, and the Good. So in *In Memoriam* the love for an individual, for the beauty of an individual character, leads the soul upward by degrees to the vision of Universal Love and Universal Good—thus illustrated in the poem:—

> Dear as the mother to the son,
> More than my brothers are to me.
>
> (ix.)

> I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
> The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.
>
> (lxi.)

Then comes the identification of his friend with all that is great and good universally—

> I see thee what thou art, and know
> Thy likeness to the wise below,
> Thy kindred with the great of old.
>
> (lxxiv.)

Then what merely pertains to the individual drops off,

> And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
> I take the pressure of thine hand,
>
> (cxix.)

> Less yearning for the friendship fled,
> Than some strong bond which is to be,
>
> (cxvi.)

and merges in the Universal—

> Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
> Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
> Behold, I dream a dream of good,
> And mingle all the world with thee.
>
> (cxxix.)
>
> My love involves the love before;
> My love is vaster passion now;
> Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
> I seem to love thee more and more.
>
> (cxxx.)

And so, at last, through love, through love for the individual, he rises to the vision of

> That God, which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.
>
> (*Epilogue.*)

For another very important link with Platonism see the note on section cxiv.

But it is, of course, Platonism Christianised. Tennyson's ideal God is the God adumbrated and preached by Christ, his ideal man Christ Himself. In dealing with the question of the disciplining and purifying power of affliction and sorrow he draws almost entirely on the New Testament, on Christ's teaching and on St. Paul's; and these teachings enter essentially into his conceptions of the relation of God to man and of man to God. It is generally misleading and always difficult to define the religion of a wise man, but in this poem Tennyson may be described as a Christian Theist, with Christian conceptions very decidedly predominating over purely theistic conceptions.

In Memoriam is Tennyson's masterpiece, and it illustrates his limitations as well as his highest achievement in his art, *if we except* the best of the poems of 1842 and a

few later lyrics. Since Petrarch, no poet has given such exquisite and magical expression not only to the regret—the *desiderium*—which saddens life and Nature with haunting memories, but to the purest, to the noblest, to the most sacred of human affections, the passion of the Soul, the passion for the Beyond. In none of his works is his supreme, perhaps his unique faculty of catching and rendering the power and charm of natural objects, of landscape, of sea, of bird or insect, of tree or flower, of season or phase, seen in greater perfection. Scarcely less remarkable are the rhythm and diction, in both of which is displayed a mastery over our language and over all the resources of appropriate rhetoric so consummate as to place the artist, within his range, without a superior, perhaps without an equal among English classics. The chief characteristic of Tennyson's style here, and indeed elsewhere, is the combination, and we might sometimes say—so effective it often is—the reconciliation of simplicity and subtlety, of naturalness and artificiality. And this is employed for a double purpose: on the one hand merely to give distinction to his diction, and here its employment is often a vice; on the other, to appeal suggestively to the imagination or to the memory, and for condensation and pregnancy of thought. Nothing, for example, could be more unjustifiable than such affectations as—

> Where the kneeling hamlet drains
> The chalice of the grapes of God;
>
> (x.)

or

> The sinless years
> That breathed beneath the Syrian blue;
>
> (lii.)

or

> The secular abyss to come;
>
> (lxxvi.)

nothing more felicitous than

> Come, wear the form by which I know
> Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
> *The hope of unaccomplish'd years*
> *Be large and lucid round thy brow*;
>
> (xci.)

or

> O Love, thy province were not large,
> A bounded field, nor stretching far;
> Look also, Love, a brooding star,
> A rosy warmth from marge to marge;
>
> (xlvi.)

or, again, where the excessive obscurity is justified by what it condenses,

> His credit thus shall set me free;
> And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
> Unused example from the grave
> Reach out dead hands to comfort me.
>
> (lxxx.)

It is possible that the hint for *In Memoriam* may have been derived from Petrarch's beautiful series of Sonnets and Canzoni dedicated to the memory of Laura de Sade, so nearly parellel is much in these poems with what is found in *In Memoriam*. Nor have Shakespeare's Sonnets—a kindred record of passionate friendship between two young men—been without their influence on the poem. The measure in which the poem was written was not Tennyson's invention, as till 1881 he supposed. In the exact form which it assumes in *In Memoriam* it has not hitherto been traced higher than Ben Jonson, *Underwoods*, xxxix., and in the Chorus in the second act of *Catiline*, but by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in one of his poems,[1] it was carried to a point of musical perfection so fine as, at times, to be scarcely distinguishable from Tennyson's rhythm.

[1] *Ode upon a Question moved whether Love should continue for ever*. See *Poetical Works* (edit. Collins), pp. 92–98.

By the poets of the eighteenth century it was frequently used, and the examples given by Mr. Bradley are very far from exhausting the examples which might be cited, if it were worth citing them.

As a contribution to theological thought and to philosophy—and on its first appearance it was hailed as a momentous contribution to both—*In Memoriam* has a very wasting hold on life. Perhaps nothing can make us realise more vividly the pace at which we have been advancing during the last few years than the perusal of this poem. What five-and-twenty years ago were paradoxes in it, or truths at which orthodoxy shuddered, have now become platitudes in every household and in every pulpit. Few would go to it for illumination and guidance; to few now would it be as it once was, an "oracle" or a "bible." And yet it will be long before it loses its fascination. In very musical language it expresses articulately and beautifully what many thousands think and feel on matters which deeply concern and affect them, and are indeed of the last importance to us. It is a very voice from the heart and soul of man. We may perhaps think that its power is not equal to its charm, that it practically leaves us where it found us, that it furnishes faith with no new supports and truth with no new documents. And yet it is a republication of the essential truths of the New Testament addressed and adapted to this age. It is a re-promulgation and vindication of the Gospel of Love, marshalling to the support of that Gospel what responds to it in the hopes and affections of human nature and what may be deduced in favour of it from instinct and experience. Taking its stand on Wordsworth's axiom,

> We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love,
> And e'en as these are well and wisely fixed,
> In dignity of being we ascend,

it combats those who would live, as those who hold science paramount would live, by analysis, verification, and knowledge. Even to those who do not take the poem so seriously—let us not envy them—it still remains a most pathetic expression of emotions, sentiments, and truths which, as long as human nature remains the same, and as long as calamity, sorrow, and death are busy in the world, must be always repeating themselves.

The poem appeared anonymously in 1850, and no very important alterations were made in it in subsequent editions. Section lix. was added in the fourth edition, 1851, and xxxix. was added in 1872. What slight alterations have been made are recorded in the notes. The text of the present edition is that of 1860.

IN MEMORIAM
A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

1. The word "Love" used, as Tennyson explained (*Life*, i. 312), in the sense in which it is used by St. John in his First Epistle, chap. iv. 8, 9. *Cf.* (repeated *passim* through the poem) 1 Pet. i. 8, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable." *Cf.*, too, Byron, *Childe Harold*, canto iv. st. cxxi.:—

O Love, no habitant of earth thou art,
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee.

5. The universe, *i.e.* earth and the solar system, half light, half shade. Bradley appositely compares *Will Waterproof*: "This whole wide earth of light and shade."

7, 8. The characteristic attitude in the ancient epics of a conqueror, the Greek ἐπιβαίνειν.

With these opening stanzas may be compared Herbert (*Love*):—

Immortal Love, Author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty that can never fade,
How hath man parcell'd out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on the dust that Thou hast made.

Again, *Id.*, *The Temper*, 26, 27:—

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seem'd my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

15, 16. The best commentary on this fact, perhaps the one indubitably God-like potentiality in man, is Dante, *Paradiso*, iii. 66–87.

19. *Cf. Akbar's Dream*:—

There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes of worship.

27, 28. *Cf.* Milton (*At a Solemn Music*):—

That we on earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime.

35, 36. An expression of the same humility which finds utterance in Ps. cxliii. 2, "Enter not into judgement with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified," and in Wordsworth's prayer, "The best of what we do and are, Just God, forgive!" (*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland*, iii.). It may be paraphrased, Forgive alike not only all that has seemed to me to be sin in my life, but all that has seemed to me to be worth; for what man accounts "sin" and what man accounts "worth" are but human estimates and have reference to human relations; all that either can look to from God is forgiveness.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.

41. An illustration of one of Tennyson's essential characteristics, the adaptation of felicitous phrases from other poets. *Cf. Troilus and Cressida*, I. i. 106:—

Let it be call'd the *wild and wandering* flood.

So *infra*, vi., "Vast and wandering," from Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, I. iv.:—

To find the *empty, vast, and wandering* air.

42. *Cf.* for this use of the word "confusions," Vaughan the Silurist (*Dressing*): "These dark *confusions* that within me nest." "Wasted" means of course "desolated," as often in the English of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

I

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

I

1. To an inquiry made as to whom the reference was, Tennyson wrote: "I believe I alluded to Goethe. Among his last words were these: 'Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen'" (*Life*, ii. 391); while his remark (*Id.* 392) that Goethe was "consummate in so many different styles" explains the rest.

3. *Cf.* Saint Augustine, *Serm.*, iii., *De Ascensione*, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus," and Longfellow's *Ladder of Saint Augustine*, founded on this passage.

7. Tennyson seems fond of this image. *Cf.* sec. lxxii.,

When the dark hand struck down thro' time,

and *Tiresias*,

Their examples reach a hand
Far thro' all years.

8. *Cf.* Shakespeare's "interest of the dead," *Sonnets*, xxxi. 7.

9, 10. *Cf.* with this sentiment, one of the central doctrines of the whole poem, Sir Henry Taylor, *Philip van Artevelde*, I. v. :—

'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive and turn'd out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
"Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn."

II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

I

3. With the "victor Hours" of sorrow's *noviciate cf.* the "conquer'd rs" in cxxxi. of sorrow's *μόνωσις.*

II

For the significance of this poem, see Introduction, and *cf.* with it xxxix.
3. The three first editions read "the sullen tree."

III

Misgivings respecting the wisdom of cherishing grief (*cf.* sec. ii.), seeing it it involves the universe in its own desolating darkness.

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is wov'n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun:

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands."

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
"What is it makes me beat so low?"

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!

III

7–8. It is surely not necessary to define with precision the imagery here employed: it is the vision of Lucretius, the vision of one who looks on the universe without faith and without hope. But with "from out waste places comes a cry" may be compared

the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields,

of sec. xli.

10. 1850–51. Her.

13. *I.e.* the passion of sorrow.

15. *Cf. Othello*, I. iii.: "The vices of my blood."

IV

1 *seq.* In sleep the will is in suspense, and memory the prey of confused impressions of pain and loss.

11, 12. The temperature of water can be lowered below freezing point without congealing, but if shaken or disturbed it at once congeals into ice.

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
"Thou shalt not be the fool of loss."

V

I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold;
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI

One writes, that "Other friends remain,"
That "Loss is common to the race"—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

IV

14. Below the darken'd eyes, in sleep.

V

3, 4. *Cf.* Locke, *Essay on the Human Understanding*, bk. iii. chap. ix.–x., and Bacon, on the *idola fori*, *Novum Organum*, i. App. lix.

5–8. *Cf.* Donne (*Triple Fool*):—

I thought if I could draw my pains,
Through rhyme's vexation I should them allay:
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce.

6. First two editions. measur'd.

VI

2. This is an excellent illustration of Tennyson's power of unfolding what is latent in the pregnant suggestiveness of other poets. *Cf. Hamlet*, I. ii. :—

Queen. Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, here to-day,
Or here to-morrow will he come.

VI

7, 8. *Cf. Lucretius*, ii. 578–80,

Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem aurora secuta est
Quæ non audierit mixtos vagitibus ægris
Ploratus,

and *Tempest*, II. i.,

Our hint of woe
Is common: every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe.

10. 1850–51. That pledgest. This passage finds a striking commentary in Virgil, *Æneid*, xi. 48–52, where speaking of the death of Pallas, Æneas says of Pallas' father Evander,

Et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani,
Fors et vota facit, cumulatque altaria donis:
Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus ullis
Debentem, vano mœsti comitamur honore.

16. *Cf. Richard III.*, I. iv.:—

To find the empty, vast, and wandering air.

23, 24. Edition 1878 onward:—

With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
Or "here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

VII

Desolation realised. The fact that the scene is in Wimpole Street (No. 67) ives point to the description. *Cf.* cxix. for the same scene in another phase f emotion.

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home;

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

VII

12. A very happy illustration of the onomatopœic effects of which Tennyson is so great a master. *Cf.* with this *To the Marquis of Dufferin*:—

When That within the coffin fell,
Fell—and flash'd into the Red Sea.

VIII

Cf. Crabbe's *Lover's Journey* for an illustrative parallel to this poem.

IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

IX

Sections ix. to xix. form a series the central theme of which is the transference of the body of his dead friend from Vienna to his grave in Clevedon Church. With this section *cf.* Horace, *Odes*, I. iii., and Theocritus, *Idyll*, viii. 53 *seq.*, which seems to have inspired it.

Thou bringest the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chesnut pattering to the ground:

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:

X

Line 5 affords a curious and striking illustration of Tennyson's fastidious scrupulousness about minutiæ. First two editions, bringest; third edition, bring'st; fourth, bringest; so, too, seventh, ninth; 1875, bring'st; 1877, bringest; final 1899 edition returns to form in the third edition, bring'st.

15, 16. Why Tennyson's almost infallible good taste did not revolt at this couplet, so strained, harsh, and false in its irrelevant artificiality, is indeed strange.

XI

4. So till 1860; subsequently, chestnut.

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;

Like her I go; I cannot stay;
I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

XI

17, 18. *Cf.* for a similarly magical onomatopœic effect in describing the same thing Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 548–49:—

ἦ θέλγος, οὗτι πόντος ἐν μεσημβρινᾶις
πρίνεις ἀκύμων νηνέμοις ὕδοι πνοάν.

20. *Cf.* Coleridge, *Songs of the Pixies*:—

Heaves with the heavings of the maiden's breast.

XII

1–4. *Cf.* Sir Philip Sidney (*The Seeled Dove*):—

Like as the dove which seeled up doth fly,
. . . . . .
Right so my mind.

And saying; "Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?"
And circle moaning in the air:
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn,
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and clos'd,
Silence, till I be silent too.

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears;

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIII
13. Edition 1850. me many.

XIV

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain;

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

To-night the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world:

XIV

With the whole poem *cf.* what Electra says in Sophocles, *Electra*, 1326-17.

XV

1. 1850-51. began.

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI

What words are these have fall'n from me?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

XV

10. Thy, *i.e.* the ship's.
14. That the ship is not passing over a sea of molten glass.
18. *Cf.* Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus, ad fin.*: "Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud." Mr. Bradley quotes Milton, *Allegro*:—

Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.

XVI

In xi. the poet had described his grief as "calm despair," in xv. as "wild unrest";—can sorrow assume so quickly forms so various, or is it that its surface only is agitated, the depths beneath being as little affected as some profound lake by the shadow of a lark mirrored on it; or can it be that the coexistence of moods so contradictory imply confusion and delirium?

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII

Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

XVII

In this exquisite poem we have again the inspiration of Theocritus, Horace, and Petrarch.

6. From horizon to horizon.

15, 16. *Cf. Talking Oak,*

All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews,

and Herrick, *Hesperides, A Nuptial Song on Sir Clipseby Crew,*

Midwife-moone
. . . . . begs a boon
Which you must grant; that's entrance; with
Which extract all we can call pith
And quintessence
Of planetary bodies.

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run.

XVIII

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me;

XVIII

3, 4. *Cf.* Persius, *Sat.* i. 39, 40,

Nunc non e tumulo fortunatâque favillâ
Nascentur violæ,

and Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v. i.,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!

A graceful and pathetic application of Hallam's own blessing on his friend. See his review of Tennyson's Early Poems: "When this poet dies, will not the Graces and the Loves mourn over him?" Then follows the quotation from Persius. See *Englishman's Magazine*, August 1831.

11. An imitation of a familiar use of *quidquid* in Latin. *Cf.* Horace, *Epod.* v. 1: "At O Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit."

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

XIX

5 *seq.* I gladly avail myself of Mr. Bradley's note: "The tidal water, in ›wing up the Bristol Channel, which, as it begins to narrow, is called the ›vern, passes Clevedon, and further up enters the Wye. . . . As the tide ısses up the Wye, its silent flood deepens and hushes the river; but as it ebbs ;ain, the river grows shallower, becomes vocal, and babbles." The con-ıction of the ebbing and flowing tide with the moods of grief is a conceit ›rthy of the Metaphysical School, and surely very unworthy of a poem which ofesses to speak the language of the heart.

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fullness from the mind:
"It will be hard" they say "to find
Another service such as this."

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
"How good! how kind! and he is gone."

XXI

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak;
"This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy."

XXI

3, 4. A conceit very unworthy of Tennyson, involving also an absurdity.

A third is wroth: "Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?"

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

And one is glad; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII

The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:

XXI

15, 16. Presumably a reference to the events in and about 1848.

18–20. The best commentary on this obscure phrase is a passage from Tennyson's *Life*, ii. 336: "The spectroscope was destined to make much greater revelations even than it had already made, 'in charming
Her secret from the latest moon.'"

23, 24. *Cf.* stanza viii. in the poem, *After reading a Life and Letters*, and Goethe, *Der Sänger*,

Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet.

25, 27. Editions 1850–51. And unto one.

XXII

From this section to xxv. we have a series of retrospects, contrasting the past with the present. With the whole of this section may be compared Petrarch's 47th Sonnet, *In Morte di Madonna Laura*.

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man;

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads;

And crying, "how changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

XXII

10. Hallam died 15th September, the fifth autumn after his meeting with Tennyson.

XXIII

5. *Cf.* Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epist. i. 92: "Wait the Great Teacher, Death."
12. Nature.

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought,
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood;

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady."

XXIV

And was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since Adam left his garden yet.

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXIII

15. *Cf.* Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, l. 95: "E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part."

XXIV

4. Tennysonese for spots in the sun.
8. After 1860. Since our first Sun arose and set.
10. 1850. Hath stretch'd my former joy so great.
13-16. *Cf.* the beautiful lines which open Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*.

XXV

I know that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more,
And Love the indifference to be,

XXV

With this section *cf.* Schiller, *Die Ideale*:—

Du, die du alle Wunden heilest
Der Freundschaft leise, zarte hand,
Des Lebens Bürden liebend theilest.

XXVI

3, 4. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cxvi.: "Love's not Time's fool."

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

XXVI

13. 1850–51. So might. "Might" is the optative mood.
16. 1850–51. cloak. The scorn that belongs to me, Latin *proprius*.

XXVII

With this section *cf.* one of Tennyson's letters quoted in his *Life*, i. 170: "God might have made me a beast; but He thought good to give me power, to set Good and Evil before me that I might shape my own path. The happiness resulting from this power well exercised must in the end exceed the mere physical happiness of breathing, eating, and sleeping like an ox."

15, 16. *Cf.* Congreve, *Way of the World*, II. ii.: "'Tis better to have been left than never to have been loved."

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve;

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight,
In dance and song and game and jest.

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house;

XXVIII

5. These hamlets cannot, it seems, be identified, and when Tennyson was asked to what four hamlets he referred, he said he had forgotten. Napier, *Homes and Haunts*, p. 33.

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time? They too will die.

XXX

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:

We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet,"
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;

XXX

8. The presence of the dead friend.

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

XXX

25–28. Snatched from all that is fickle and frail, the keen seraphic flame, *i.e.* the soul, passes (pierces) from orb to orb, from incarnation to incarnation. Mr. Bradley appositely quotes *The Ring*:—

No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth.

This continual progress of the after-life was a favourite tenet of Tennyson's. "I can hardly understand," he said, "how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the Soul's continuous progress in the after-life" (*Life*, i. 321). *Cf.* sec. lxxiii.,

So many worlds, so much to do,

sec. lxxxii.,

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks,

De Profundis, ii., and *Wages*.

XXXI

What is the present state of the Dead? We know not, and Revelation throws no light on the question.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

XXXII
11, 12. *Cf.* St. John's Gospel, xii. 3.

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!

See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

XXXIII

13. 1850. Comma inserted after "see." For the sentiment, *cf.* Bishop Butler's *Durham Charge*, where he inculcates "the keeping up as far as we are able the form and face of religion with decency and reverence. The form of religion may indeed be there, where there is little of the thing itself, but the thing itself cannot be preserved without the form."

XXXIV

If the soul is not immortal, then the world is a painful and perplexing riddle, and it would be better no longer to puzzle it out, but die at once. This and the following painfully hysterical lyric, as well as the poem in the same key, *Vastness*, are lamentable examples of Tennyson's limitations. How much sounder is Aristotle's remark, τὸ ζῆν, εἰ γὲρ μήδεν ἄλλο ἴσοιτο, ἀγαθὸν καὶ αὐτὸ αἱρετὸν ἐστιν, the attitude of Socrates in Plato's *Apology*, and of Cyrus in Xenophon's *Cyropædeia*, Shakespeare's silence, Schiller's lyric *Resignation*, and Goethe's *example*.

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
"The cheeks drop in; the body bows;
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:"

Might I not say? "Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive:"
But I should turn mine ears and hear

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be;

XXXIV

14. The reference is to the *Bucephalus capensis*, a South African snake, which is particularly given to this method of preying.

XXXV

3, 4; 5–7. Inverted commas added in 1856; note of interrogation coming after "alive," with comma after "say."

9. *Cf.* Shelley, *Alastor*: "The thunder and the hiss of *homeless* streams."

11. Æonian, direct from the Greek αἰώνιος, lasting for an age or for ages. According to the English Dictionary, first used in English by Abraham Tucker in his *Light of Nature Displayed*, i. 650: "I might insist that the term translated 'everlasting' ought to be preserved untranslated as a kind of technical term, and called 'Æonian.'" It is used again in xcv.: "Æonian music."

And Love would answer with a sigh,
"The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me, what profits it to put
An idle case? If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

XXXV

14. *Cf.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ii. 73:—
The sleepy drench
Of that *forgetful* lake;
i.e. that causes forgetfulness, like Spenser's "wandering wood," *Faerie Queene*, I. i. Adjectives have often this active meaning in Latin.
17. Edition 1850. O me!

XXXVI

With this beautiful poem *cf.* Cranmer's *Preface to the Bible*: "For the Holy Ghost has so ordered and attempered the Scriptures that in them as well publicans, fishers, shepherds may find their edifications as great doctors their erudition." "The Word" used in the sense in which St. John uses it (i. 1); that is, the revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe.
5, 6, 7. Edition 1850. wisdom, Truth.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

Urania speaks with darken'd brow:
"Thou pratest here where thou art least;
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou.

Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill."

And my Melpomene replies,
A touch of shame upon her cheek:
"I am not worthy ev'n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries;

For I am but an earthly Muse,
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues;

XXXVII

Cf. with the sentiment of this section Arthur Hallam's remark, *Remains*, p. 159: "It is with justice that the Muses are condemned by the genius of a profound philosophy."

1. Urania, the Muse of Astronomy, transformed by Milton into the Muse of Heavenly Wisdom by a natural transition (*Paradise Lost*, vii. 1–20).

9. Melpomene here Muse of Elegy.

11. Editions 1850–51. but to speak.

But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),

I murmur'd, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
And loiter'd in the master's field,
And darken'd sanctities with song."

XXXVIII

With weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

No joy the blowing season gives,
The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render'd free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

[Old warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

XXXVII

19. Editions 1850–51. dear as sacramental wine.

XXXIX

We learn from the *Life* (ii. 53) that this section was written in the Spring of 1868; it was inserted in the poem in 1872. For its significance, see Introduction.

3. *Cf.* Lady Tennyson's Diary, April 1868 (*Life*, ii. 53): "There has been a great deal of smoke in the yew-trees this year. One day there was such a cloud that it seemed to be a fire in the shubbery. It was then that he wrote the speech of Ambrosius in the *Holy Grail*." *Cf. Holy Grail*:—

Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half
The cloisters, on a gustful April morn
That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke.

And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower;
But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,—
What whisper'd from her lying lips?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.]

XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;

XXXIX

11, 12. Whether this refers to "the tender green shoots," as Miss Chapman supposes, or to the "flowers" of the yew, as Dr. Gatty and Mr. Bradley suppose, is surely not worth considering. The sole point is that reviving hope is beginning to read itself into the object which before (sec. ii.) was at once the symbol and incarnation of deepest gloom.

XL

In the next seven sections there is a return to the theme suggested in sections xxxi.–xxxv., the state of the disembodied soul, the nature of the severance wrought by death.

8. *Cf. Antony and Cleopatra*, III. ii. :—
The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most,
Shall count new things as dear as old:

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly! yet that this could be—
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee:

XL

19. 1878 and onward. In those great offices that suit. "I never, if possible," Tennyson said to his son, "put two 'ss' together in any verse of mine. My line is not, as often quoted,

And freedom broadens slowly down—

but

And freedom slowly broadens down" (*Life*, ii. 14);

and so this verse was altered in 1883, though allowed to stand so long.

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death;
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields;

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII

I vex my heart with fancies dim:
He still outstript me in the race;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will:

XLI

13. 1850. though.

15, 16. Images which must not be forced into definition, symbolising generally the horrors and terrors of death unilluminated by faith or hope, death as death presented itself to the imagination of Claudio in *Measure for Measure*; see his speech, "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where," etc. (Act III. i.). For the image, *cf. Morte d'Arthur*:—

Like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

23. The ages that are to come, or, more strictly, a future extending through ages; *cf. infra*, lxxvi., "The secular abyss to come." *Cf.* Milton of the Phœnix, "A *secular* bird ages of lives" (*Samson Agonistes*, 1707).

XLII

Renunion in place may restore the relative position in which we once stood; he may again be my master, I his disciple.

And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII

If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIII

Tennyson's own note to this fanciful poem was: "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over" (*Life*, ii. 421).

10. 1850–51. But that.
13. 1850–51. would.

XLIV

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs)
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I:"

XLIV

For a very elaborate dissertation on this poem see Mr. Bradley's *Commentary*. The references appear to be either to the Platonic ἀνάμνησις, so fancifully employed by Wordsworth in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Youth*, and by Tennyson repeatedly, see *The Two Voices* and *The Ancient Sage* particularly, or to the life of earliest babyhood. The ambiguous expression, "God shut the doorways of his head," may either be a physical reference to the sutures of the skull, or a vaguer and more general reference to the closing of the avenues through which recollections, it may be of pre-physical life, or it may be of earliest babyhood, present themselves. In any case, the general sense appears to be: Is it possible that glimpses of the life passed on earth may come to the disembodied soul, even as the living sometimes have glimpses of earliest infant or of pre-physical life? The desperate obscurity of the poem lies in the last stanza; on that I can throw no light, nor does Mr. Bradley's conclusion help us much: "If such a hint should reach my friend, let it be the germ from which a complete recollection may arise."

XLV

The use of earthly life may be to individualise man for progressive life hereafter.

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

We ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;
The fruitful hours of still increase;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVI

1–8. In life on earth the Present overshadows the Past; after death the Past will present itself to the vision like a landscape unfolded in lucid light.
13–16. Obscure, but intelligible if not analysed. 1st edition, O Love!

XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
"Farewell! We lose ourselves in light."

XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:

Her care is not to part and prove;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:

XLVII

The best commentary on this is Tennyson's remark (*Life*, i. 319): "If the absorption into the divine in the after-life be the creed of some, let them at all events allow us many existences of individuality before this absorption; since this short-lived individuality seems to be but too short a preparation for so mighty a union." Mr. Bradley appositely quotes *Dedicatory Poem to the Princess Alice*:—

If what we call
The spirit flash not all at once from out
This shadow into Substance.

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

From art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

L

See Hallam's *Remains, Meditative Fragments*, vi. 126 *seqq.* With this poem may be compared generally the beautiful lines in Tickell's *Verses on the Death of Addison*, beginning—

Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend!

2. *Cf.* Shelley, *Cenci*, iv. 1:—

My blood is running up and down my veins,
A fearful pleasure makes it *prick and tingle.*

Be near me when the sensuous frame
    Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
    And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
    And men the flies of latter spring,
    That lay their eggs, and sting and sing,
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
    To point the term of human strife,
    And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

Do we indeed desire the dead
    Should still be near us at our side?
    Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
    I had such reverence for his blame,
    See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
    Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
    There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall:
    Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
    With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

L

7. 1850. time.
8. 1850. life.
15, 16. Perhaps the sublimest image in all Tennyson's poetry.

LII

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,"
The Spirit of true love replied;
"Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue:

"So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl."

LIII

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green:

LII

3, 4. *Cf.* Persius, i. 104:—
Summâ delumbe salivâ
Hoc natat in labris.
11, 12. Tennysonese for Christ, or, the life of Christ.
15. A happy adaptation of the classical "prophetic present."

LIII

1–8. For the sentiment, *cf. Measure for Measure*, v. i.:—
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad.

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Oh, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

LIII

5. Editions 1 and 2. doctrine.
7. Editions 1 and 2. had not grown.
9. First edition, Oh! *if*; second and all editions, including 1878, Oh, if; 1883, Or if; 1889, Or, if.
14. 1850. philosophy.

LIV

The next three sections illustrate the thesis of the Prologue, "We have but faith." On these poems a passage in the *Life of Tennyson*, i. 313, is a good commentary: "He was occasionally much troubled with the intellectual problem of the apparent profusion and waste of life, . . . for these seemed to militate against the idea of the Omnipotent and All-loving Father."

1–12. *Cf.* Wordsworth, *Old Cumberland Beggar*:—

'Tis Nature's law
That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorced from good.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LV

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

LV

4. The spirit of love.

9 *seqq.* *Cf.* *Life*, i. 314: "The lavish profusion, too, in the natural world appals me, from the growths of the tropical forest to the capacity of man to multiply, the torrent of babies."

14-16. *Cf.* Young, *Night Thoughts*, Night ix.:—

Teach me by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

"So careful of the type?" but no.
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries "a thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.

"Thou makest thine appeal to me:
I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

LV

20. The larger hope, *i.e.*, "that the whole human race would through, perhaps, ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved" (*Life*, i. 321–22).

LVI

1. Fossil remains prove that so far from Nature being "careful of the type," whole types have perished.

11, 12. The pathetic propriety and force of the epithets "wintry" and "fruitless" is obvious.

15, 16. With this picture and conception of Nature *cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene, Fragment of Mutabilitie*, forming canto vii. st. v.–vi., where he says of Dame Nature,

With a veile that wimpled everywhere
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.
That, some doe say, was so by skill devized
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortal eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view.

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

Peace; come away: the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.

Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead;
And "Ave, Ave, Ave," said,
"Adieu, adieu" for evermore.

LVII

7. Tennyson's own note on this was: "The author speaks of these poems—'Methinks I have built a rich shrine for my friend, but it will not last'" (Gatty's *Key*, p. 64).

12. First edition. looked.

15, 16. The funeral adjuration of the Romans. See Catullus, ci. 10, and Orelli's *Collection, passim.* Dryden uses it (*Verses on Oldham*):—

Once more,—hail and farewell.

16. 1850–51. evermore!

LVIII

In those sad words I took farewell:
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

The high Muse answer'd: "Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave."

LIX

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be;

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

My centred passion cannot move,
Nor will it lessen from to-day;
But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love;

LVIII

3. Bradley appositely quotes *Lover's Tale*:—
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell.

LIX

This section was added in the fourth edition, 1851; and Tennyson never struck a more jarring note than in the second line. The whole poem is unworthy of the work of which it is a part.

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
With so much hope for years to come,
That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX

He past; a soul of nobler tone:
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by:
At night she weeps, "How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?"

LXI

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

LXII

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

And thou, as one that once declined,
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

Yet pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven;

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

So may'st thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXII

3. 1850. So be.

LXIII.

9. 1884 onward. mayst.

LXIV

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
"Does my old friend remember me?"

LXIV

Nothing could be more perfect than this poem, so pathetic, so subtle in its analogue.

23. 1850. played.

LXV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With "Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand:

LXV

7, 8. A metaphor suggested apparently by the chrysalis and butterfly.

LXVI

9–16. Nothing, as a blind friend once said to me, could be more subtly true to nature than this picture.

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away;
From off my bed the moonlight dies;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVII

It is in sleep that the memories of love and grief present themselves most vividly, and from this section to the end of lxxi. we have an exquisite series of dream-pictures and impressions. They may be compared with the dream sonnets of Shakespeare, to which they appear to be indebted for some touches. See *Sonnets*, xxvii.–xxx., xliii.

2, 3. Clevedon, on the Severn.

5. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, xliii. :—

And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.

15. 1850–51. in the chancel.

16. *Cf.* Collins, *Ode on Death of Thomson*: "Thy pale shrine glimmering near."

LXVIII

When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost:
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door:

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs:
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown:

LXVIII

2. *Cf. Iliad*, xiv. 231, ἔνθ' Ὕπνῳ σύμβλητο κασιγνήτῳ θανάτοιο (where he met with Sleep, Death's brother); and thus many poets afterwards.

LXIX

The foolish world see no use in sorrow, but out of sorrow comes divine wisdom. *Cf.* sec. i.: "Let Love clasp Grief."

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs:
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns:

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child:
I found an angel of the night;
The voice was low, the look was bright;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled:

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf:
The voice was not the voice of grief;
The words were hard to understand.

LXX

I cannot see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

LXIX

14. "Not merely," as Tennyson himself explained, "'I found an angel as I wandered in the night,' nor 'such an angel as comes to us in dreams,' but 'one of the angels of the night of sorrow,' the divine Thing in the gloom."

LXX

8. *Cf.* Sophocles, *Œd. Tyr.* 67:—
πολλὰς δ' ὁδοὺς ἰλθόντα φροντίδος πλάνοις
(After traversing many paths in the wanderings of thought),
on the weird and pregnant suggestiveness of which Shelley so admirably comments. See Mrs. Shelley's prefatory remarks on the *Prometheus Unbound.*

9–12. *Cf.* De Quincey's opium dreams, the surging human faces driving along, and the tyranny of the crocodile, all set in immensity (*Confessions*, edit. 1822, pp. 167–72).

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
That so my pleasure may be whole;

While now we talk as once we talk'd
Of men and minds, the dust of change,
The days that grow to something strange,
In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

LXXI

4. 1850. through. A reference to the tour with Arthur Hallam in 1830 (see *Life*, i. 51–55).
6. 1850. So bring an opiate treble-strong. 1851. "Then" substituted for "So."
8. 1850. That thus my pleasure might be whole.
13–16. A scene in the valley of Cauteretz. See the poem with that title.

LXXII

The first anniversary of Hallam's death, 15th September. This section is surely a marvel of magically descriptive power. With this *cf.* the next anniversary, sec. xcix.

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet look'd the same,

As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best: but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

LXXII

7. First edition. sickened.
16. 1850–51. From hill to hill.
28. With this sentiment may be compared Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, xxxiii. :—
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
    The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath:
    I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass; the path that each man trod
    Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
    What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
    Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
    And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
    To those that watch it more and more,
    A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:

LXXIII

9–14. This, taken in connection with sec. lxxvi., is the great note which Tennyson has struck more than once. See particularly *The Spiteful Letter* and *Literary Squabbles*. It is the note struck by Marvell in those verses which Tennyson so much admired:—

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near,
> And yonder all before us lie
> Deserts of vast eternity.—*To his Coy Mistress.*

Its grandest expression is found in Dante, *Purgatorio*, 91–117. *Cf.* also Marcus Aurelius, iv. 3: "See how soon everything is forgotten, and look at the chaos of infinite time on each side of the present, and the emptiness of applause, and the changeableness and want of judgment in those who pretend to give praise, and the narrowings of the space within which it is circumscribed, and be quiet at last. For the whole earth is a point, and how small a nook in it is this thy dwelling."

LXXIV

1–4. Few who have looked on the dead could have failed to notice this pathetic fact. Dr. Gatty quotes Sir Thomas Browne, *Letter to a Friend*: "He lost his own face, and looked like one of his near relations; for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle."

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd;

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

LXXIV

11, 12. *Cf.* Petrarch, Sonnet lxxx. :—
Non può morte il dolce viso amaro,
Ma 'l dolce viso, dolce può far morte.

LXXV

11. *Cf.* Pindar, *Pythians*, iv. 5: σῶμα θνατόν.

So here shall silence guard thy fame;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end;

Take wings of foresight; lighten thro'
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew;

And if the matin songs, that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

LXXVI

1. *Cf.* Petrarch, Sonnet lxxxii., "Volo con l'ali de' pensieri al cielo," or ore immediately, Sir P. Sidney, *The Seeled Dove*, "But with his wings of ncies up he goes."

3, 4. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, I. iv.,

Till the diminution
Of space had *pointed him sharp as my needle*,

ıd Chaucer, *House of Fame*, ii. 904–8,

He
Was flowen fro the grounde so hyë
That all the world, as to myn yë
No more seemed than a prikke.

7. First edition. And lo!

7, 8. Absurdly false; any poem which preserves its vitality during half the ll lifetime of a yew-tree is certain of immortality, in the conventional sense of ıe term.

9. Tennyson explained this as "the writings of the great early poets."

LXXVII

What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:

LXXVII

With this section *cf.* Petrarch's 25th Sonnet, *In Morte di Donna Laura*, especially the lines—

E certo ogni mio studio in quel temp 'era
Pur di sfogare il doloroso core
In qualche modo, non d'acquistar fama.
Pianger cercai, no già del pianto onore

(And certainly all my desire at that time was merely to ease in any way my troubled heart, not to win fame. I sought to weep, not at all the glory of weeping.)

11. 1850–51. A grief—

LXXVIII

For the connection with the scheme of the poem, see Introduction.

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!
No—mixt with all this mystic frame
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

"More than my brothers are to me"—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in nature's mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

LXXVIII

14. 1850–51. type.
17. 1850–51. regret, Regret.

LXXIX

Addressed to Charles Tennyson, afterwards Tennyson Turner, the poet's ourite brother and coadjutor in the poems of 1827. For the reference in ening line, see last line of sec. ix.
5. In and after 1884. Nature's.
9. The brook at Somersby, so often celebrated in Tennyson's poetry.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
He bears the burthen of the weeks,
But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXX

13–16. A most obscure stanza: it seems to mean, my belief that he would have acted thus, that is, "turned his burden into gain," lightens my burden, and thus I profit from the influence of an example which exists only in assumption or in hypothesis; "his credit" appearing to mean the belief I place in him, what I credit him with—an awkward imitation of the occasional use of pronominal adjectives in Greek and Latin. *Cf.* the use of σός and σά in *Odyssey*, xi. 202–3. Possibly it may mean vaguely "influence," *i.e.* the credit which belonged to him in acting as he would have done. *Cf.* lxxi. 5. It is one of those studiedly vague subtleties of expression which are so perplexing in Virgil and Sophocles as well as in Tennyson.

LXXXI

Could I have said while he was here
"My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellower change,
For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store:
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
"More years had made me love thee more."

But Death returns an answer sweet:
"My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat."

LXXXII

I wage not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.

LXXXI

Mr. Bradley's interpretation of this most obscure poem is probably the correct one; at all events, it is the only one which makes it intelligible. He proposes to place a note of interrogation at the end of the first stanza, an answer in the negative being assumed before the second stanza. The meaning will then be: Could I have said . . . love is mature in ear? No, I could not have said this, and therefore love had hope of richer store, for had more years been added to your life love would proportionately have increased. But Death says no—his sudden frost matured the grain, *i.e.* love.

LXXXII

8. Editions 1 and 2. And ruined.

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV

When I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown;

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

LXXXIII

11. First edition. dasht.

LXXXIV

For preface to this poem, see Introduction.

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair;

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all——

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love;

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

LXXXIV

42. 1850. he.

LXXXV

This section is addressed to Edmund Lushington, who afterwards married the poet's sister, Cecilia.

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands,
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:

LXXXV

21–25. *Cf.* Dante, *Convito*, ii. 5: "Li movitori di quello (Cielo) sono sustanze separate da materia, cioè Intelligenze, le quali la volgare gente chiamano Angeli."

25. First edition. through.
36. 1850–51. ghost!
42. First edition. though.

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time;

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
"Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

LXXXV

55. First edition. through.
69 *seqq. Cf.* Petrarch, *Sonetti* (*In Morte di Donna Laura*), xi. and xlii.

"I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more."

And I, "Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?"

And lightly does the whisper fall;
"'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all."

So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play,
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

LXXXVI

This poem was written at Barmouth. See *Life*, i. 313.

1. In this magical epithet, involving the notions of fragrance and radiance, Tennyson had been anticipated by Matthew Green, *Spleen*:—

Where odorous plants in ev'ning fair
Breathe all around *ambrosial air*.

7. *Cf.* Horace, *Odes*, IV. xiv. 25, "*tauriformis* Aufidus," Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 371, and *Æneid*, viii. 77, "corniger Hesperidum fluvius," with Conington's elaborate note on the former, explaining the epithet. The English poets have borrowed it. *Cf.* Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, bk. ii. st. 5, "the horned flood," and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 831, "push'd by the horned flood."

LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazon'd on the panes;

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor;

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

LXXXVII

1850–51. through.
1884 onward. prophet.
. *Cf. Sonnet to Rev. W. H. Brookfield*:—
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light.
limes referred to are in Trinity College.
. "The Water Club" (Tennyson's note).

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy:

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXVII

39, 40. *Cf. Life*, i. 38: "These lines I wrote from what Arthur Hallam said after reading of the prominent ridge of bone over the eyes of Michael Angelo, 'Alfred, look over my eyes; surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo.'" For a remarkable testimony to the faithfulness of Tennyson's beautiful picture of Hallam, *cf.* Fanny Kemble's *Record of a Girlhood*, ii. 3, quoted in Introduction.

LXXXVIII

This poem is almost a paraphrase of a very beautiful sonnet attributed to Dante, commencing "Ora che 'l mondo s'adorna," Fraticelli's *Opere Minori di Dante*, i. 226.

2. 1850–51. through.
6. 1850–51. dusking.

LXXXIX

Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
    Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
    And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
    My Arthur found your shadows fair,
    And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:

He brought an eye for all he saw;
    He mixt in all our simple sports;
    They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,
    Immantled in ambrosial dark,
    To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat.

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
    The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
    The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

LXXXIX

1, 2. *Cf. Recollections of the Arabian Nights*:—
A sudden splendour
. . . . . .
. . . counterchanged
The level lake with diamond-plots
Of dark and bright.

his flat lawn was at Somersby Rectory.

7. Mr. Bradley quotes Byron, *Manfred*, i. 1: "pipes in the *liberal* air."

8. *Cf.* Horace, III. xxix. 12: "fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ."

12. 1850–51. dusky.

16. 1850–51. through.

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For "ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge" he said "in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."
We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

LXXXIX

30. The "bounding hill," *cf. Ode to Memory*, iv., v.
36. The Platonic Dialogues; *cf.* Horace's "Socraticæ chartæ."
47, 48. An extreme instance of Tennyson's Alexandrianism. The meaning is, "before Venus, surrounded by the crimson sunset, had set"; the sun being called her father, in accordance with La Place's theory that she was evolved from the sun, her "father's grave" being the West.

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind;

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise:

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

XC

'rom this section to the end of xcv. we have a series of poems discussing sible communion between the living and the dead. With this section may compared the well-known story in Lord Lytton's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, viii., "The Soul in Purgatory."

8. First edition. yet loved.

781892

Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange;

Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

XCII

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain;
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

XC

21. But, possibly an imitation of the Greek ἀλλὰ and the Latin "at" in passionate entreaty.

XCI

4. *Cf.* Alcman, *Fragments*, 26: ἁλιπόρφυρος ἴυγγος ὄρνις (the sea-purple bird of spring). Tennyson says (see letter to the Duke of Argyll, *Life*, ii. 4) that "he was walking one day in March by a deep-banked brook, and under the leafless bushes he saw the kingfisher flitting or fleeting underneath him, and there came into his head a fragment of an old Greek lyric poet," the fragment quoted. But, according to Mr. Bradley, who quotes Rawnsley's *Memories of the Tennysons*, p. 109, "by 1890 these details had faded from his mind, and, though he 'supposed' the bird was the kingfisher, he was willing to believe it was the blue tit."

7, 8. A subtle and exquisitely felicitous application of the incident described by Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 681–84, the nimbus surrounding the head of Iulus.

To chances where our lots were cast
    Together in the days behind,
    I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
    A fact within the coming year;
    And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,
    But spiritual presentiments,
    And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
    No spirit ever brake the band
    That stays him from the native land,
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,
    But he, the Spirit himself, may come
    Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range
    With gods in unconjectured bliss,
    O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
    The wish too strong for words to name;
    That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIII

. For this use of sightless (invisible) *cf.* Shelley, *Alastor, ad fin.*, "Whose *itless* speed divides the sullen night," and *Adonaïs*, xx., "*sightless* light-g" (*i.e.*, Shakespeare, "lightning, which doth cease to be, e'er one can , It lightens").

XCIV

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

XCIV

The best commentary on this would be Taylor's *Golden Grove Sermons*, Sermon iv., and John Smith's *Prefatory Discourse concerning the True Way or Method of attaining Divine Knowledge*, the passage beginning "Corrupt passions and terrene affections are apt of their own nature to disturb all thoughts," to the end (*Select Discourses*, Cambridge edition, pp. 9-22), a truly divine discourse.

XCV

In this exquisite poem is described an experience not uncommon with the mystics of all ages—with all who, in Sir Thomas Browne's language, "have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow." For descriptions of similar trances, see Porphyry, *Life of Plotinus*, cap. xxiii., Plotinus, *Ennead*, IV. lib. viii. ch. i. See,

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

too, the whole of chapters ix., x., xi., of *Ennead*, IX. lib. ix., and *Ennead*, VI. lib. ix. ch. ix., Cardan's *Life of himself*, cap. xiii.: "Quoties volo, extra sensum quasi in ecstasim transeo . . . Sentio dum eam ineo, ac, ut verius dicam, facio juxta cor quandam separationem, quasi anima abscederet, totique corpori res hæc communicatur quasi ostiolum quoddam aperiretur . . . hocque solum sentio quod sum extra meipsum." *Cf.*, too, Norris of Bemerton, *The Elevation*, Henry Vaughan's *Retreat*, *Silex Scintillans*, and Henry More's *Cupid's Conflict*.

For Tennyson's experiences, see *Life*, i. 320, and *cf. The Ancient Sage*:—

. . . More than once when I
Sat all alone, ...
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were Sun to spark.

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
His living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in his was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became:

XCV

31, 32. *Cf.* the anonymous letter describing Hallam's characteristics, *Remains*, p. xxviii.: "He would always pursue the argument eagerly to the end, and follow his antagonist into the most difficult places."

36. In and after 1878. The living soul.

37. After 1880. mine in this.

38. Ultimate reality, the Platonic Τὸ ὄντως ὄν.

39, 40. *Cf.*, for a good illustrative commentary, Henry Vaughan, *Silex Scintillans: The World*:—

I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the World
And all her train were hurled.

45–48. *Cf.* Dante, *Paradiso*, xxxiii. 55–57:—

Da quinci innanzi il mio veder fu maggio
Che il parlar nostro, ch' a tal vista cede,
E cede la memoria a tanto oltraggio.

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

"The dawn, the dawn," and died away;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

I know not: one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

XCV

49–64. Surely among the miracles of descriptive poetry.
51, 52. *Cf.* Armstrong, *Art of Preserving Health*:—
The impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.

XCVI

With this section *cf.* Hume (*Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, part i. *ad fin.*): "To be a philosophical sceptic is in a man of letters the first ep to becoming a sound believing Christian." *Cf.*, too, Donne, *Satire*, iii. 7, 78:—
Doubt wysely: in strange waye
To stand enquiring right is not to straye.
ee, too, Whateley's *Bacon's Essays*, p. 303.

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgement blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinaï's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;
He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd;
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life—
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

XCVI

13–20. See Arthur Hallam's *Sonnet to my Mother* (*Remains*, p. 75), describing how the remembrance of her gentle faith had enabled him to fight his doubts:—

And on the calmed waters once again
Ascendant Faith circles with silver plume.

22. See Exodus xix. 16.

XCVII

2, 3. An allusion, perhaps, to the spectre of the Brocken.

Their love has never past away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss;
She knows not what his greatness is;
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
"I cannot understand: I love."

XCVIII

You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

XCVIII

Addressed to Charles Tennyson and his bride in May 1836 (see *Life*, i. 148).

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City. All her splendour seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me:
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal; friend from friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings:
And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCVIII

7, 8. Tennysonese for a will o' the wisp.
10. First edition. unmarked.
13. First edition. evil.

XCIX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,
Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C

I climb the hill: from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;

XCIX

For the significance, see Introduction; *cf.* with sec. lxxii.

17. Later editions remove the comma after "O."

18. The movement of the earth's axis being, like a top, "asleep." Mr. Bradley appositely quotes Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus* (opening soliloquy): "All things that move between the quiet poles."

C

This beautiful section is thoroughly Petrarchian.

1. 1850–51. I wake, I rise.

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill,
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;

CI

This gem of description is a faithful picture of the garden at Somersby.

11, 12. *Cf.* Sophocles, *Trachiniæ*, 130:—

ἄρτιον
στροφάδες κίλιυθοι.

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII

We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung.

The other answers, "Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear."

CII

The reference is to the Tennysons leaving Somersby Rectory in 1837 see *Life*, i. 149).

7. Tennyson himself, in MS. notes to Dr. Gatty's *Key*, explained this as 'the love of the native place, the same love enhanced by the memory of the friend."

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII

On that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me: distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever: then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea:

CIII

This allegorical vision forms an appropriate transition from the third cycle of the poem to the fourth, which is to sum up the results of the discipline of Love and Sorrow.

3. The dead man, Hallam.

6–8. The maidens Tennyson himself interpreted, in some MS. notes to Dr. Gatty's *Key*, as "all the human powers and talents that do not pass with life, but go along with it"; the distant hills from hidden summits, as "the high, divine origin of life"; the river, "life itself"; the sea, "eternity," including also the notion of the Future. The "statue veil'd" is his dead friend, in whom he saw the type of the ideal man, "the noble type, appearing ere the times were ripe" (see Epilogue), and who is therefore the object of their homage. The summons and departure of the poet appears to symbolise his call to a fuller life; the weeping and wailing of the maidens, the natural disinclination of the merely intellectual and sensuous nature to obey the higher will. The voyage

And when they learnt that I must go
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;

And still as vaster grew the shore,
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart;

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

explains itself. 25–28 Tennyson himself explained as "the great progress of the age, as well as the opening of another world," and 33–36 as "all the great hopes of science and men." The arrival at the great ship seems to mean the life beyond the grave, the spirit world. 45–48. Tennyson's note is, "He was wrong to drop his earthly hopes and powers; they will still be of use to him." On the maidens being bidden to enter in, a note of Tennyson's also throws light: "Everything that made Life beautiful here we may hope may pass on with us beyond the grave." This is the best interpretation I am able to offer of this necessarily obscure and ambiguous poem. Possibly Mr. Bradley's interpretation—which I cannot accept, but have no space to discuss—may be preferable. The chief obscurity of the poem arises from the dream-like confusion, perhaps intentional, between a millennian future on earth and a future beyond the grave.

30. First edition. waxt.

31. *Cf.* Deuteronomy ii. 10.

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck:

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot; I did them wrong:
"We served thee here," they said, "so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?"

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, "Enter likewise ye
And go with us:" they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CIV

3. Waltham Abbey Church. The Tennysons had at this time removed to High Beech, Epping Forest.

CV

This holly by the cottage-eave,
To-night, ungather'd, shall it stand:
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and mime;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

CV

1, 2. So all the earlier editions. Subsequent editions :—
To-night ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand.

20. 1850–51. Through.

24. "This refers to the scintillation of the stars" (Tennyson's note on Gatty).

27. First and second *editions.* measur'd.

CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII

It is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

CVI

32. A remarkable expression of Tennyson's belief in progressive Christianity. *Cf. Life*, i. 326, where it is said that he expressed his belief "that the forms of Christian religion would alter, but that the spirit of Christ would still grow from more to more, . . ., when Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished, and

Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the Love of Truth,
The truth of Love."

CVII

Hallam's birthday was 1st February 1811.

6 *seqq.* Recalling Alcæus, *Fragment*, xxxiv., and Horace, *Odes*, I. ix. 1–8.

11. "Gride" is here used in the very uncommon and perhaps unwarrantable sense of harshly grate. *Cf.* Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, III. ii.:—

Hear ye the thunder of the fiery wheels
Griding the winds.

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

I will not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies:
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CVIII

15. Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 171–72, *Eumenides*, 495, and the proverb *μαθήματα παθήματα*. *Cf.* Byron, *Manfred*, i. 1:—
Grief should be the instructor of the wise;
Sorrow is knowledge.

CIX

Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk;

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course;

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood;

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt;

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years:
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

CIX

From this section to cxiii. the character of his friend, a picture of the ideal n, is described. With this *cf.* Gladstone's testimony (*Life*, i. 299), and what late Lord Houghton and Dean Alford said of him (*Id.* 107).

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale:

For who can always act? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

CX

8. 1850–51. treble.
13. In and after 1875. nearest.
17. So till 1877, then Nor.

CXI

3. 1850–51. To who may grasp.

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

High wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

CXI

13. 1850–51. So wore his outward best.

CXII

1–8. These most obscure stanzas seem to mean: the fact that, while I am not dazzled by men of splendid but unequal powers, I regard with indifference men who have made the most of narrower powers, make certain really wise people question my wisdom. But the reason of my having no great admiration of the first, and being so indifferent to the second, is that my love for you (his dead friend) leaves no room for interest in ordinary men. "The lesser lords of doom," Tennyson himself explained as "those who have free will, but less intellect." The expressions, "gazing with temperate eyes," and "set light by," are both harsh and obscure. Possibly "gazing with temperate eyes" = regard with indulgence, or make allowance for; and possibly "glorious" may mean "boastful," as in cxxviii. 14.

Dr. Gatty's note, which Tennyson had read and passed apparently unquestioned, is: "He esteems high purposes after what is unattained, as exhibited in Hallam's shortened life, more than a complete fulfilment of lesser duties by the lords of doom who rule in our social system, and are those that have free will but less intellect."

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been:

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries,
And undulations to and fro.

CXIII
17. 1850–51. many.

CXIV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

CXIV

This momentous distinction between Knowledge and Wisdom, which is the basis on which the metaphysical philosophy of *In Memoriam* rests, is practically that of the distinction drawn by Plato (*Repub.* vi., *ad fin.*) between διάνοια and νόησις or νοῦς, and by Coleridge between understanding and reason (*Aids to Reflection*, Commentary on Aphorism viii.). In Plato, νοῦς or νόησις is the faculty by which we apprehend the highest objects of knowledge, *real* existence, it is spiritual insight, so is "reason" with Coleridge. It is the faculty which we derive directly from God, being, according to Plato, an emanation from Him; so Milton—

Whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being;

and this is Tennyson's "Wisdom." But διάνοια, or "understanding," is the faculty whereby we apprehend not abstract but physical and sensuous truth; it is concerned with the world of matter, the Platonic ὁρατὸς τόπος, as opposed to the world of essence, νοητὸς τόπος; and this is Tennyson's "Knowledge." The Platonic διάνοια, Coleridge's "understanding," and Tennyson's "Knowledge," is the faculty by which we apprehend scientific truth; the other, the faculty by which we apprehend theological or spiritual truths, it is St. John's ψυχῆς αἴσθησις; hence the association of the one with faith, reverence, and humility; of the other, with all that is implied in Professor Huxley's aphorism that man must live not by faith but by "verification." In sec. lvi. he is reading life in the light of "Knowledge"; in the concluding sections of the poem, in the light of "Wisdom." Tennyson is fond of drawing the distinction between "Knowledge" and "Wisdom," but not in the deeply metaphysical sense in which he does so here. *Cf. Locksley Hall*, "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers," and *Love and Duty*,

Wait, and Love himself will bring
The drooping flower of knowledge changed to fruit
Of wisdom.

For this sense *cf.* the saying of Heraclitus, πολυμαθίη νόον οὐ διδάσκει, Diog. Laert. ix. 1 (much knowledge teaches not wisdom). *Cf.*, too, an interesting chapter in Aulus Gellius, *Noctes Att.*, lib. xiii. c. 8; Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 320 *seqq.*; Quarles, *Job Militant, Medit.* xi. 7–42; and Cowper's *Task*, vi. 88–99. The last may be quoted:—

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection: knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd and squared and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber when it should enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

1. 1850. knowledge.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXIV

22. 1850. wisdom.
27. 1850–51. but from hour to hour.

CXV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

CXV

For the significance of this section, see Introduction.

6, 7. So all the early editions, but in or just before 1875,

The distance takes a living hue,
And drown'd in yonder livelier blue.

In or before 1878 altered back to the original reading.

7, 8. *Cf.* Shelley, *Ode to a Skylark*,

Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

and Goethe, *Faust*, part i.,

Wenn über uns im blauen Raum verloren
Ihr schmetternd Lied die Lerche singt.

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss;

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVI

11, 12. 1850–51. The dear, dear voice that I have known
Will speak.

CXVII

12. The modern note: not our sun only, but the other suns of the universe are contemplated; *cf. Locksley Hall Sixty Years after*, "all the suns," "suns along their fiery way."

CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

CXVIII

This section is little more than a condensation of what Browning has expressed with much more diffuseness in the fifth part of *Paracelsus*; *cf.* the passage beginning

> Thus he dwells in all,
> From life's minute beginnings, up at last
> To man, the consummation of this scheme
> Of being,

to the passage beginning

> But in completed man begins anew
> A tendency to God. Prognostics told
> Man's near approach: so in man's self arise
> August anticipations, symbols, types
> Of a dim splendour ever on before,
> In that eternal circle life pursues.

Needless to say, both Browning and Tennyson were dealing with ideas and theories which the subsequent definition of Evolutionism has now made commonplaces with all thoughtful people, though both anticipated not merely Darwin's *Origin of Species*, which appeared in 1859, but R. Chambers's *Vestiges of Creation*, which appeared in 1844. Tennyson resumes this theme in *Maud*, in the verses entitled *By an Evolutionist*, in *The Dawn*, and in *The Making of Man*.

16 *seqq.* Type, reproduce. The meaning is, man will be the herald of a higher race both here and in a higher place, *i.e.* the world beyond the grave, if he reproduce in himself, by steady striving, what Nature has effected.

Within himself, from more to more;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;

I hear a chirp of birds; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

in the physical world, progress towards perfection; or if, should affliction be his lot, he profits from it, and shows that life is not mere ore, mere material out of which something may be made, but iron. In line 18 the first edition reads "and" for "or," so that it seems to be Tennyson's intention to mark an antithesis between man simply "typing the work of time" and being "crown'd with attributes of woe."

18. First edition. And.

26. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cxli.: "To any *sensual feast* with thee alone."

CXIX

A lyric interlude. *Cf.* sec. vii.

CXX

I trust I have not wasted breath:
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;

Not only cunning casts in clay:
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.

CXXI

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done:

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird:
Behind thee comes the greater light;

CXX

4. 1 Corinthians xv. 32.

8. *Cf.* sec. xxxiv., last stanza, and Tennyson's remark on hearing of a very deliberate and painless suicide in Paris, "That is what I should do if I thought there was no future life" (*Life*, ii. 35).

9. "Wiser" is of course ironical, the meaning being, let his aim be the perfection of his apedom.

12. Since 1875, *born* italicised; it is antithetical to "springs," hence no doubt the emphasis.

CXXI

An exquisite application of the identity of Venus with Hesper, the evening star, and Phosphorus, the morning star. *Cf.* Cicero, *De Nat. Deor.* ii. 20. 53, and Manilius, *Astron.* i. 177–78.

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law;

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death:

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dew-drop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXII

1–8. Apparently a reference to the trance described in sec. xcv.
3. First edition. strove.
15. A reference apparently to xcv. 36.

CXXIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes thou hast seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

CXXIII

For a magnificent commentary on this, see the first speech of Ahasuerus in Shelley's *Hellas*.

2. 1850–51. hast thou. 1860. thou hast. 1871 and onward. hast thou.

CXXIV

1–4. *Cf. Akbar's Dream*,

> That Infinite
> Within us, as without, that All-in-all,
> And over all, the never changing One
> And ever-changing Many,

and *The Ancient Sage*, "the Nameless of the hundred names."

5, 6. *Cf.* sec. lvi. All analogies from Nature, and all deductions which "Knowledge" as distinguished from "Wisdom" (see cxiv.) can draw, afford no warrant for belief in the God preached by Christ. See the fine passage in Newman's *Apologia* in chapter v.: "The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full. If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator."

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look thro' dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

CXXIV

13–16. *Cf.* Newman (*Apologia*, ch. v.): "Were it not for this voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist."

17–20. Not like "a man in wrath," but "like a child in doubt and fear." The "blind clamour" refers either to the "voice" which tempted him to disbelief, or, more likely, to his own "wild and wandering cries" in the first two cycles of the poem.

21, 22. My *real* or essential, as distinguished from a mere *phenomenal* self discerned essential as distinguished from phenomenal truth. The first editions, till 1860, read "seem," the "am" being a most felicitously important correction.

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

CXXVI

10–12. 1850–51. That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags:
They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

CXXVII

7, 8. Probably refers to the Revolution of 1848. *Cf.* Epilogue to *The Princess.* The last couplet, and indeed the whole poem, has particular point. Hallam, in his *Oration on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination,* had concluded a vivid picture of the terrible character of the Revolution of 1830 with an expression of hope that all might yet be well (*Remains,* p. 144). The allusion, therefore, has peculiar propriety.

9. First edition. woe to him.

15. *Cf.* Horace, *Odes,* I. xxxiv. 9, "bruta tellus." Milton had already transferred it into English (*Comus,* 797): "And the *brute earth* would lend her nerves."

16. 1850. vast.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;

Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil cö-operant to an end.

CXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

CXXVIII

5, 6. *Cf. Locksley Hall Sixty Years after*:—
The course of Time will swerve,
Crook and turn upon itself in many a backward streaming curve.

8. First edition. ' ministers.

14. *Cf.* Crashaw (*To Mistress M. R.*), "gilded dunghills, *glorious lies.*" The word has no doubt here the sense so common in Elizabethan English and in Milton—braggart or boastful, Lat. *gloriosus.*

19. First edition. baseness.

CXXIX

3. First three editions. O I

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXIX

5. First three editions. I for semicolon.
8. *Id.* *Id.*

CXXX

1–7. *Cf.* Shelley's *Adonaïs*, xlii.:—

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music. . . .
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own.

CXXXI

O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

CXXXI

1. Tennyson himself explained this as intended to mean "free-will, the higher and enduring part of man" (*Life*, 1. 319), and this "will" being "heaven-descended" (*cf.* the poem *Will*), can and should bring itself into harmony with the Supreme and Eternal Will; see Prologue, 15, 16. It is therefore a prayer that the heaven-descended will in man may bring itself into harmony with the Will of God, sanctify our lives, and confirm our faith in those truths which never can be proved till death shall remove the barrier between us and "all we loved and all we flow from." With the first stanza may be compared First Epistle of St. John ii. 17: "And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." In 1 Corinthians x. 4, the spiritual rock is Christ: "They [our fathers] drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them [or, as it is alternatively rendered, "went with them"]: and that Rock was Christ." Tennyson must plainly have had this text in his mind, and it is therefore difficult not to suppose that the "spiritual rock" is Christ. Is it possible that the "spiritual rock" may still mean Christ, and that it is a prayer that the "living will" may continue to express itself in the God-Man, fill as it were a fountain from which it flows to us? This would link the end of the poem with the Prologue.

5. First edition. out the dust.

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years: they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

For the connection of this poem with *In Memoriam*, see Introduction. It was written to celebrate the marriage of Edmund Law Lushington and Cecilia Tennyson, the poet's sister, 10th October 1842. The scene is Park House, near Boxley, Maidstone.

22–24. It would seem from these lines that the conception of *In Memoriam* as a whole could not have been formed at the time this poem was written.

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

O when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy; full of power;
As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out: the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear:

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee;

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The "wilt thou" answer'd, and again
The "wilt thou" ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.

39, 40. Lushington was Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist in 832, afterwards Professor of Greek at Glasgow.
56. So all earlier editions. 1872 and afterwards. you.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

78. *Cf.* Catullus, iii. 3: "Fulsere quondam *candidi tibi soles.*"

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait;
They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance;—till I retire:
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

109–128. *Cf.* with this passage Herrick's *Nuptial Song on Sir Clipseby Crew*:—

All now is husht in silence; midwife-moone,
. . . . . .
All faire constellations
Looking upon yee, that, that nations
Springing from two such Fires,
May blaze the vertue of their sires.

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,—
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

118. *Cf.* Thomson, *Castle of Indolence*, canto i. st. lvi.: "a certain *tender gloom* o'erspread."

142-44. *Cf.* the magnificent passage in the fragments of Cicero's *De Republicâ* (lib. iii.): "Nec erit alia lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthac: sed et omnes gentes, et omni tempore, una lex et sempiterna et immutabilis continebit: unusque erit quasi magister et imperator omnium—Deus." (And there shall not be one law at Rome, another at Athens, one law now, another afterwards, but the same law everlasting and unchangeable will bind all nations and at all times, and there will be as it were one common Master and Emperor of all—God.)

THE PRINCESS

A MEDLEY

INTRODUCTION

The Princess, the most elaborate and subtly-finished of all Tennyson's longer poems, is, in its present state, the result of successive revisions, two of which involved little less than the remodelling of the whole work, and of a series of minute alterations extending, edition after edition, to the latest text of his collected poems. The first edition, which appeared in 1847, was, in the third edition published in 1850, completely remodelled. The six songs introducing the several cantos, with all the passages connected with them, were added; additions, excisions, and alterations made havoc of the intervening text; and the Conclusion was so altered and expanded as to be practically new. Again, in the fourth edition of 1851, the addition of the passages describing the "weird seizures" of the Prince involved a second remodelling of the work. In the fifth edition of 1853, eighteen lines (35–48) were added to the Prologue, and there were other minor alterations. Since then the alterations have not extended beyond single words and clauses, punctuation and spelling, but such variants have been incessant.

The Princess has obviously to be regarded from two points of view — as a poem and work of art, and as a didactic treatise; as a charming extravaganza, like the *Orlando Furioso* or *The Rape of the Lock*, and as a grave contribution to the solution of an important social problem. And of all Tennyson's achievements as an artist there is nothing to compare with the exquisite

ingenuity and tact with which he has here blended and harmonised aims and purposes so opposite and so distinct.

The true relation of woman to life and society is one of those questions which admits of an easy solution in primitive communities, but which, as civilisation advances, becomes more and more complicated. Plato appears to have been the first who declined to recognise what everyone else had recognised actually and theoretically, that there was an essential distinction between the idiosyncrasies, functions, and duties of the sexes. But the monstrous paradox which he supports in the fifth book of the *Republic* was regarded by the Ancients pretty much as Ruskin's economical theories would be regarded at our own Stock Exchange; and the wildest fancy of Aristophanes could, in the estimation of the Greeks, devise nothing more ridiculously improbable than the realisation of what Plato seriously propounded. Neither Christianity nor Chivalry practically affected the question—so far as its social application was concerned—of the mutual relation of the sexes. And when Spenser,[1] who discusses the problem allegorically in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh cantos of the fifth book of the *Faerie Queene*, came to the conclusion that woman should regard herself as altogether subordinate to man, and to her duties to man, and when Milton (*Paradise Lost*, iv. 295–99) wrote, speaking of the typical man and the typical woman,

> Though both
> Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
> For contemplation he and valour form'd,
> For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
> He for God only, she for God in him,

adding (*Ibid.* ix. 232–34),

> Nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman, than to study household good,
> And good works in her husband to promote.

[1] See the episode of Artegall and Radigund.

they may be said to have summed up the conventional view of the subject. But another note was struck in 1693 by De Foe. Among the schemes suggested in his *Essay on Projects* is an Academy for the higher education of women, providing instruction in all those subjects which should qualify them for being the intellectual companions of men. De Foe was followed by Steele, who in several papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* urges the importance of this question, expressing it as his opinion that "the great happiness or misfortune of mankind depends upon the manner of educating and treating that sex."[1] But the work which initiated the modern history of the movement was Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, which appeared in 1792. The contentions of Mary Wollstonecraft are precisely those of Tennyson's heroine, with this important difference, that she very properly considers that, though women should not be excluded from any of the posts open to men, the duties of the wife and the mother should be paramount. Between 1830 and the appearance of this poem the "woman question," as it was called, had been brought into prominence by many writers. An article in the *Westminster Review* for July 1831 had sounded a trumpet note. Bentham had expressed himself strongly on the subject. Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jamieson took up the question. In 1840 a work entitled *Woman's Mission* had extraordinary vogue, and very soon ran through six editions. In the same year Lady Morgan fulminated a wild and intemperate philippic against "the oppressors of her sex" in *Woman and her Master*. Then, in April 1841, the *Westminster Review*, in an able and vigorous article, again entered the arena as Champion of Woman's Cause. In America, two or three years after-

[1] *Tatler*, No. 141.

wards, Mrs. Amelia Jenks Bloomer had begun to proclaim the equality and practical identity of the sexes. In 1846 and in 1847 the first steps were taken in England to provide what De Foe had suggested, "an Academy" for the higher education of women, and the result was the foundation of Queen's College, in Harley Street. It was founded in 1848 by Tennyson's friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice. Such is a brief sketch of the history of the question when Tennyson took it up. We learn from the *Life* (vol. i. p. 248) that the subject had engaged his attention as early as 1839, and that even then he had talked over the plan of *The Princess*. The question had no doubt been brought prominently before him in conversations with Maurice, and indeed he is reported to have said, about this time, that "the two great social questions impending in England were the housing and education of the poor man before making him our master, and the higher education of women" (*Life*, vol. i. p. 249). It was Tennyson's habit to study exhaustively every subject with which he dealt, and he brought to its consideration not merely the sympathy of the poet, but refined good sense, sobriety, and shrewd insight. In the literature which has been referred to, and in the efforts and aims of his friend Maurice and his coadjutors, if there was very much which every philanthropist would support and further, there was also some danger. If nothing could be more desirable than the vindication and realisation of woman's right to develop herself morally and intellectually to the fullest measure of her capacities, nothing could be more disastrous than for her to consider that her functions and duties as a woman should be subordinated to that end. Tennyson saw the danger of exciting intellectual ambition in women, as it might easily lead to all that it had led to in the theories *of such fanatics* as Lady Morgan and Mrs. Bloomer—to

regarding themselves not as the helpmates but as the rivals of men; to unsexing themselves; to disdaining the duties of the wife, of the mother, of the nurse, of the queen of the home and of the heart. Poetry could scarcely be applied to a worthier or more useful purpose than to the interpretation of all that was involved in a question of so much importance to life and to society. And to this purpose Tennyson applied it in *The Princess.*

To turn to the machinery and plot. It has been suggested that the germ of the poem is to be found in Johnson's *Rasselas* (chap. xlix.), where, speaking of a project of Nekayah, Johnson writes:—

"The princess thought that, of all sublunary things, knowledge was the best: she desired, first, to learn all sciences, and then purposed to found a College of learned women, in which she would preside; that by conversing with the old, and educating the young, she might divide her time between the acquisition and communication of wisdom, and raise up for the next age models of prudence and patterns of piety."

Another analogy has been discovered in a dreary and ponderous drama, *The Female Academy*, published in 1662, by the famous Margaret Cavendish, Marchioness of Newcastle, in which certain ladies, for purposes of self-cultivation, isolate themselves from men, and find their college invaded by male intruders. A more interesting parallel—if parallel it can be called—is, of course, in Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost*, where men isolating themselves from women find, as Tennyson's women find, that it is a very unequal conflict between human caprice and Nature's law.

The idea of the "tale from mouth to mouth" was, as Tennyson has himself explained, taken from a game which he had often *played* with his brother-undergraduates at

Cambridge (*Life*, vol. i. p. 253). In Ida, in her character, in her position, in her aims, is embodied all that was involved in the "woman question," its truth, its falsehood, its reasonableness, its extravagance. She is at once in the right and in the wrong, at once wise and foolish, at once noble and perverse. Her aims and ideals might, in some respects, become patterns for future enthusiasts in the cause; in others, they are the *reductio ad absurdum* of theories which, if carried into practice, would result, as Tennyson put it, in burlesque and tragedy going hand in hand. As Ida and the question represented by her are "medley," "jest and earnest working side by side," so the whole poem is very appropriately "a medley also." A "medley" typified in the Prologue,

> A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
> A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
> A feudal knight in silken masquerade,

set in the midst of a Mechanics' Institute festival in a nineteenth-century park; a medley in which we have sometimes the extreme of simplicity, sometimes of artificiality; a medley in the mixture of styles, where Heine and Homer, Keats and Theocritus, seem to jostle each other; in the fantastical anachronisms of sentiment, of institutions, of furniture, of armour, of dress. And in the fourth edition this was still more elaborately marked by the introduction of the "weird seizures" which surprise the Prince at all those points in the story where Ida is in her falsest position, and most remote from the true ideal, disappearing as soon as she has awaked to that ideal. To censure the poem for being "fantastical," "a fairy tale without fairies," as some foolish critics have done, is to miss the whole point of it. For the same reason, the poem is mock-heroic; but the burlesque element is throughout

subordinated to the serious and poetical, and is indeed chiefly discernible only in touches, and in the occasionally laboured grandiloquence of the diction. With his usual nicety of interpretative symbol, Tennyson makes the rich orange scarfs and rosy silks with which Lilia playfully invests the grim old statue at the beginning of the poem, quietly divesting it of them at the end, indicative of the manner in which he has treated his theme, as well as of the relation of picturesque and fanciful mock-heroic to a subject so intrinsically serious as the theme itself.

With the same exquisite tact and skill, the chief, the essential differentiation between the functions and duties of the sexes is brought out by making the child the centre of the poem. The child is at Psyche's side when she is lecturing. It is an appeal to the child which touches Psyche's heart when Cyril implores her to keep his secret. It is in the child that Ida finds comfort when she quarrels with Blanche. By a delightful touch of irony the child is in Ida's arms when she is watching the tournament, and when she chants her pæan over the fallen Prince and his men; and it is, indeed, the softening influence of the child which keeps her heart from turning almost to stone. It was to bring the child still more into prominence that the songs were inserted in the third edition, and their relation to the child's part is too obvious to need commentary.

The absurdity of Ida's position, and the fact that her scheme of dispensing with the co-operation of men and developing in independence and in rivalry was predestined to fail, is made plain from the very first. Even before the men enter, there was bitter jealousy, ripening to rebellion, in Ida's chief helper; and some of the ladies were beginning to pine for married life. In the studies of the place all is smatter, superficiality, and flimsiness, just as in the surroundings all appeals to the eye and to the ear, all is

æstheticism, all is ostentation; summed up in comprehensive symbol by the lady who holds in one hand "a volume as to read," and smoothes a petted peacock with the other. And this is not the worst. Ida is rapidly hardening into something very like a repulsive virago, and indeed becomes under provocation little better than one, her affection for the child being almost the sole thing which links her with true womanhood.

Tennyson has himself summed up the teaching of his poem so lucidly and so fully by the speech which he places in Gama's mouth in part v., "Man for the field and woman for the hearth," etc., and in the famous speech placed in the Prince's mouth in part vii., "For woman is not undevelopt man," etc., that there is no need to say more on the subject. It is, however, interesting to note that Comte, probably at the very time Tennyson was engaged on this poem, had arrived at precisely the same conclusion as the poet. One passage may be quoted:—

"Different as the two sexes are by nature, and increased as that difference is by the diversity which happily exists in their social position, each is consequently necessary to the moral development of the other. In practical energy, and in the mental capacity connected with it, Man is evidently superior to Woman. Woman's strength, on the other hand, lies in feeling. She excels Man in love, as Man excels her in all kinds of force. It is impossible to conceive of a closer union than that which binds these two beings to the mutual service and perfection of each other, saving them from all danger of rivalry. The voluntary character, too, of this union gives it a still further charm, when the choice has been on both sides a happy one. In the Positive theory, then, of marriage, its chief object is considered to be that of completing and confirming the

education of the heart by calling out the purest and strongest of human sympathies."[1]

Tennyson's ideal woman is given us in the beautiful lines describing the Prince's mother, and in the character of Edith in *Aylmer's Field*. It is the ideal of Wordsworth, and the lines, "She was a phantom of delight," preserve in quintessence what Tennyson has diluted, but diluted with rose-water. It is the ideal also of Ruskin, but not that of Mill and of Miss Martineau.

As a contribution to social philosophy, *The Princess* has done its work. The problem which was unsolved when the poem appeared has long found its solution. As a didactic work it stands in the same relation to social philosophy as *In Memoriam* stands to religious thought. What lives and is influential in both belongs to the currency which Time will, in all likelihood, discount still further, but probably not much further.

With the significance of the didactic purpose ceasing to appeal, *The Princess* as a whole is not likely to maintain either its attraction or its interest. If we except Ida, the characters are thin and commonplace, little more indeed than lay figures flashed occasionally into reality by vivifying touches. The story is at once trivial and improbable, without that congruity in incongruity, that wealth of imagination and fancy, which reconcile us to the extravagance of Ariosto and Spenser. No poet with a tithe of Tennyson's manifold accomplishments is so deficient in what Aristotle calls ψευδῆ λέγειν ὡς δεῖ, the true art of dramatic fiction. The strained artificiality of the style, almost always in an inverse ratio to the weight and importance of the matter, becomes very wearisome in so long a narrative. As Coleridge says of Claudian, "every line, nay, every word, stops, looks full in your face, and asks and

[1] *System of Positive Polity*, translated by Brydges, vol. i. p. 189.

begs for praise." Tennyson, indeed, reminds us of Martial's Matho, and of the epigrammatist's advice to him—

> Omnia vult belle Matho dicere: dic aliquando
> Dic bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.[1]

But if the impression which the poem makes as a whole is, apart from its serious purpose, unsatisfactory and disappointing, it is sown thick with beauties, and with passages which are among the gems of English poetry. Of the songs and blank-verse lyrics, of the Bugle Song, of "Ask me no more," of the Swallow Song, of "Tears, idle tears," particularly, it may be said—and what more can be said?—that Tennyson himself has never excelled them. And they are as original as they are perfectly lovely; no such notes had been struck in our poetry before. In "Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height," we have one of the supreme triumphs of Tennyson's art. Never has blank verse so superb and delicate blended so many notes, or fancy so rich and splendid, description so magical, both in what it expresses and in what it suggests, so much sweetness, so much tenderness, been found in such exquisite combination. The tournament, which is modelled on Virgil's battle scenes, is worthy to stand beside the best of them. Regarded as composition, the poem contains passages which in style and rhythm are among Tennyson's masterpieces. Such would be the noble passage in the fourth section beginning "Not peace she look'd, the Head," the description of the storm-cloud in the seventh section, the passage in the same section beginning "Yet was there one," and above all, the passage in the same section beginning

> Dear,
> Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine.

[1] Matho wishes to express everything finely: express yourself sometimes finely, sometimes neither finely nor not finely, sometimes even badly.

In none of his poems are the touches of natural description more exquisite; as—

In the green gleam of *dewy-tassell'd* trees,
(i.)

To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight,
(i.)

All her thoughts as fair within her eyes
As *bottom agates seen to wave and float*
In crystal currents of clear morning seas,
(ii.)

The firths of ice,
That *huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls*
To roll the torrent out of *dusky* doors,
(vii.)

Their thousand wreaths of *dangling water-smoke*;
(vii.)

while in

More *crumpled* than a poppy from the sheath,
(v.)

Pure as *lines of green* that *streak the white*
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves,
(v.)

As the waterlily *starts and slides*
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom,
(iv.)

And over them the *tremulous isles of light*
Slided, they moving under shade,
(vi.)

we have instances of the minute and accurate observation which was characteristic of Tennyson.

The subtle elaboration of the structure of this poem, which has already been illustrated, is equally conspicuous in the style, which, in the rhetorical devices employed for attaining distinction, and in its subtle suggestiveness, closely resembles that of Sophocles and Virgil. Thus we have

Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye
(iii.)

for a gesture of surprise; the constant use of epithets which

correspond not to what is expressed in the substantives to which they are attached, but to images and ideas implied or suggested in association.[1]

A *flying charm* of blushes. (ii.)

Shook her *doubtful* curls. (iii.)

Planted *level* feet. (iv.)

We stumbled on a *stationary voice* (v.)

(we came upon a sentinel at his post who challenged us).

Wan was her cheek
With *hollow* watch. (vi.)

The old lion, glaring with his *whelpless* eye. (vi.)

An eye that *swum in thanks.* (vi.)

Cast a *liquid* look. (iv.)

So, as so often in Virgil, hendiadys—

With *happy faces and with holiday* (*Prologue.*)

(for the happy faces of holiday-makers).

The tender ministries
Of *female hands and hospitality.* (vi.)

So, as again so common with Sophocles and Virgil, the habitual use of metonomy—

Dash'd with death. (v.)

The *trampled year* (v.)

(for the harvest).

[1] *Cf.* Virgil, "*sceleratas* sumere *pœnas*" (*Æneid*, ii. 576); "*cæcis* erramus in *undis*" (*Ibid.* iii. 200); "*spumantes rates*" (*Ibid.* x. 300); "ad *impia* Tartara mittit" (*Ibid.* vi. 543); Sophocles, *Ajax*, 55, ἔκειρε πολύκερων φόνον, for "dealt slaughter among the horned flock"; *Antigone*, 972–73, εἶδεν ἀρατὸν ἕλκος τυφλωθὲν ἐξ ἀγριὰς δάμαρτος, for "saw the accursed blow dealt by a savage wife which brought blindness"; *Trachiniæ*, τίνες πάμπληκτα παγκόνιτά τ' ἐξῆλθον ἄεθλα ἀγώνων, for "Who went forth and won mid showers of blows and clouds of dust the prize of combat?"

Then, again, we have the use of common words in uncommon senses, so much affected both by Sophocles and Virgil; as—

Long breezes *rapt* from inmost south.
(iv.)

Like a blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall.
(iv.)

A *lidless* watcher of the public weal.
(iv.)

We *forged* a sevenfold story.
(*Prologue.*)

An *erring*
Pearl, lost in her bosom.
(iv.)

This whole foundation *ruin*
(ii.)

(for fall into ruin).

The *authentic* mother of her mind.
(v.)

Void was her *use*[1]
(vii.)

(for occupation or employment).

Not in this *frequence* can I lend full tongue.
(iv.)

---

[1] *Cf.* Virgil's use of "mollis" (*Georg.* ii. 389, *Æneid*, ix. 817, etc.), in the sense of "mobilis"; of "vexasse" (*Ecl.* vi. 76), the force of which depends not on its common meaning, but on its derivation; of "bi-pennis," not as an axe, but in its original adjectival sense; of "orasse" for "loqui" (*Æneid*, vii. 446); of "caducus" in a passive sense (*Ibid.* vi. 481). So, too, if Servius is to be believed, "funera" in *Ibid.* ix. 486 is the feminine of an obsolete adjective, "funerus"; and "serenas" in *Georg.* i. 461 is for "siccas." See his Comment. *ad loca.* *Cf.* in Sophocles the use of *ὄμμα* for "a vision" (*Elect.* 952); *ῥιπαί* applied to the twinkling of stars (*Elect.* 105), and the rush of winds (*Antig.* 137); *πρωτόγονος* used in the sense of "noble" (*Philoct.* 180); *ἀρτίπους* for "coming just in time" (*Trach.* 58); *ἄπρακτος*, as "not practised upon" (*Antig.* 1034); *ὄμβρος* for simple "water" (*Œdip. Rex.* 1428); *αὐτόφωρος* for "detected by himself" (*Antig.* 51); *ἀμφίγυος* for either "dexterous" or of "dissimilar forms" (*Trach.* 505); *τετράδορος* for erect upon four legs (*Trach.* 507); and the like.

And just as Virgil is fond of borrowing idioms from the Greek language, naturalising them in his own, so Tennyson's diction, like Milton's, is permeated with phrases and constructions from both the Latin and the Greek. Thus we have

> Then he chew'd
> The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and *cook'd his spleen*,

"the Roman brows of Agrippina," "laugh'd with alien lips," "I know not what of insolence and love," "she might not rank with those detestable," "sated with the innumerable rose."

In none of Tennyson's poems are all the mechanical devices for adding effectiveness and variety to rhythm more carefully or more successfully studied—accentual licences, nicest audacity in cæsural effects, assonance, alliteration, onomatopœia. *Cf.*

> They to and fro
> Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale. (iv.)
>
> He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
> And all the plain,—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—
> Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
> With hammers. (v.)
>
> Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmuring of innumerable bees. (vii.)
>
> And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
> Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
> The lovely, lordly creature floated on. (vi.)
>
> The single pure and perfect animal,
> The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
> Life. (vii.)

It may be said of *The Princess* that if it does not attain the last triumph of art, the concealment of it, it is at least a masterpiece of the art which reveals itself.

THE PRINCESS

A MEDLEY

PROLOGUE

Sir Walter Vivian all a summer's day
Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun
Up to the people: thither flock'd at noon
His tenants, wife and child, and thither half
The neighbouring borough with their Institute
Of which he was the patron. I was there
From college, visiting the son,—the son
A Walter too,—with others of our set,
Five others: we were seven at Vivian-place.

And me that morning Walter show'd the house,
Greek, set with busts: from vases in the hall
Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than their names,
Grew side by side; and on the pavement lay
Carved stones of the Abbey-ruin in the park,
Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of Time;
And on the tables every clime and age
Jumbled together; celts and calumets,
Claymore and snowshoe, toys in lava, fans
Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,
Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,
The cursed Malayan crease, and battle-clubs

PROLOGUE

9. Added in 1850.

21. Crease, a Malay dagger or poignard, from *kris*. Skeat quotes Sir Thomas Herbert's *Travels*, p. 68, edit. 1665: "Four hundred young men who were privately armed with *cryzes*."

From the isles of palm: and higher on the walls,
Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and deer,
His own forefathers' arms and armour hung.

And "this" he said "was Hugh's at Agincourt;
And that was old Sir Ralph's at Ascalon:
A good knight he! we keep a chronicle
With all about him"—which he brought, and I
Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with knights
Half-legend, half-historic, counts and kings
Who laid about them at their wills and died;
And mixt with these, a lady, one that arm'd
Her own fair head, and sallying thro' the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from her walls.

"O miracle of women," said the book,
"O noble heart who, being strait-besieged
By this wild king to force her to his wish,
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a soldier's death,
But now when all was lost or seem'd as lost—
Her stature more than mortal in the burst
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—
Brake with a blast of trumpets from the gate,
And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,
She trampled some beneath her horses' heels,
And some were whelm'd with missiles of the wall,
And some were push'd with lances from the rock,
And part were drown'd within the whirling brook:
O miracle of noble womanhood!"

So sang the gallant glorious chronicle;
And, I all rapt in this, "Come out," he said,
"To the Abbey: there is Aunt Elizabeth
And sister Lilia with the rest." We went
(I kept the book and had my finger in it)
Down thro' the park: strange was the sight to me;
For all the sloping pasture murmur'd, sown
With happy faces and with holiday.

35–48 inclusive. Added in 1853.

40. So Virgil of the shade of Creusa (*Æneid*, ii. 773): "Visa mihi ante oculos, et notâ major imago."

56. This description of a popular holiday was suggested by what Tennyson himself witnessed on 6th July 1842, at a festival of the Maidstone Mechanics' Institute, held in the park of the Lushingtons (*Life*, i. 203).

There moved the multitude, a thousand heads:
The patient leaders of their Institute
Taught them with facts. One rear'd a font of stone
And drew, from butts of water on the slope,
The fountain of the moment, playing now
A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,
Or steep-up spout whereon the gilded ball
Danced like a wisp: and somewhat lower down
A man with knobs and wires and vials fired
A cannon: Echo answer'd in her sleep
From hollow fields: and here were telescopes
For azure views; and there a group of girls
In circle waited, whom the electric shock
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter: round the lake
A little clock-work steamer paddling plied
And shook the lilies: perch'd about the knolls
A dozen angry models jetted steam:
A petty railway ran: a fire-balloon
Rose gem-like up before the dusky groves
And dropt a fairy parachute and past:
And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph
They flash'd a saucy message to and fro
Between the mimic stations; so that sport
Went hand in hand with Science; otherwhere
Pure sport: a herd of boys with clamour bowl'd
And stump'd the wicket; babies roll'd about
Like tumbled fruit in grass; and men and maids
Arranged a country dance, and flew thro' light
And shadow, while the twangling violin
Struck up with Soldier-laddie, and overhead
The broad ambrosial aisles of lofty lime
Made noise with bees and breeze from end to end.

Strange was the sight and smacking of the time;
And long we gazed, but satiated at length
Came to the ruins. High-arch'd and ivy-claspt,
Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost they gave
The park, the crowd, the house; but all within

63. Steep-up. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, vii. 5, "the *steep-up* heavenly hill," and *Passionate Pilgrim*, iii. 4, "Her stand she takes upon a *steep-up* hill." Tennyson again uses it in *Queen Mary*, III. iv.: "The *steep-up* tracts of the pure faith."
80. 1847–51. With Science hand in hand went.

The sward was trim as any garden lawn:
And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,
And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends
From neighbour seats: and there was Ralph himself,
A broken statue propt against the wall,
As gay as any. Lilia, wild with sport,
Half child half woman as she was, had wound
A scarf of orange round the stony helm,
And robed the shoulders in a rosy silk,
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook
Glow like a sunbeam: near his tomb a feast
Shone, silver-set; about it lay the guests,
And there we join'd them: then the maiden Aunt
Took this fair day for text, and from it preach'd
An universal culture for the crowd,
And all things great; but we, unworthier, told
Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

But while they talk'd, above their heads I saw
The feudal warrior lady-clad; which brought
My book to mind: and opening this I read
Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang
With tilt and tourney; then the tale of her
That drove her foes with slaughter from her walls,
And much I praised her nobleness, and "Where,"
Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay
Beside him) "lives there such a woman now?"

Quick answer'd Lilia "There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down:
It is but bringing up; no more than that:

97. 1847–48. This runs as follows:—
And Lilia with the rest, and Ralph himself,
A broken statue, etc.
112. 1847–50. squeez'd.
113. 1847–58, "breathed"; 1860, "breath'd," till 1885, when "breathed" reappears.
125. 1847–48. Ask'd Walter, "lives there such a woman now?"

You men have done it: how I hate you all!
Ah, were I something great! I wish I were
Some mighty poetess, I would shame you then,
That love to keep us children! O I wish
That I were some great Princess, I would build
Far off from men a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught;
We are twice as quick!" And here she shook aside
The hand that play'd the patron with her curls.

And one said smiling "Pretty were the sight
If our old halls could change their sex, and flaunt
With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
I think they should not wear our rusty gowns,
But move as rich as Emperor-moths, or Ralph
Who shines so in the corner; yet I fear,
If there were many Lilias in the brood,
However deep you might embower the nest,
Some boy would spy it."
At this upon the sward
She tapt her tiny silken-sandal'd foot:
"That's your light way; but I would make it death
For any male thing but to peep at us."

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she laugh'd;
A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she:
But Walter hail'd a score of names upon her,
And "petty Ogress," and "ungrateful Puss,"
And swore he long'd at College, only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,

131–38 1847–48:—
O were I some great Princess, I would build
Far off from men a college of my own,
And I would teach them all things: you should see."
This concludes the stanza.
144. *1847–48.* emperor moths.

The little hearth-flower Lilia. Thus he spoke,
Part banter, part affection.
"True," she said,
"We doubt not that. O yes, you miss'd us much.
I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you did."

She held it out; and as a parrot turns
Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,
And takes a lady's finger with all care,
And bites it for true heart and not for harm,
So he with Lilia's. Daintily she shriek'd
And wrung it. "Doubt my word again!" he said.
"Come, listen! here is proof that you were miss'd:
We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read;
And there we took one tutor as to read:
The hard-grain'd Muses of the cube and square
Were out of season: never man, I think,
So moulder'd in a sinecure as he:
For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,
And our long walks were stript as bare as brooms,
We did but talk you over, pledge you all
In wassail; often, like as many girls—
Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—
As many little trifling Lilias—play'd
Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,
And *what's my thought* and *when* and *where* and *how*,
And often told a tale from mouth to mouth
As here at Christmas."
She remember'd that:
A pleasant game, she thought: she liked it more
Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest.
But these—what kind of tales did men tell men,
She wonder'd, by themselves?
A half-disdain
Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips:
And Walter nodded at me; "*He* began,

177. 1847–48. We seven took one tutor. Never man
So moulder'd, etc.
190. 1847–48. "I remember that:
A pleasant game," she said; "I liked it more.
193. 1847–48. do men tell men,
I wonder, by themselves?"
195. *Cf. Œnone*, 76: "He prest the blossom of his lips to mine."

The rest would follow, each in turn; and so
We forged a sevenfold story. Kind? what kind?
Chimeras, crotchets, Christmas solecisms,
Seven-headed monsters only made to kill
Time by the fire in winter."
"Kill him now,
The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,"
Said Lilia; "Why not now," the maiden Aunt.
"Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?
A tale for summer as befits the time,
And something it should be to suit the place,
Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,
Grave, solemn!"
Walter warp'd his mouth at this
To something so mock-solemn, that I laugh'd
And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling mirth
An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,
Hid in the ruins; till the maiden Aunt
(A little sense of wrong had touch'd her face
With colour) turn'd to me with "As you will;

197–200. 1847–48. The rest would follow; so we tost the ball:
What kind of tales? why, such as served to kill.
202, 203. 1847–48. "Tell one" she said: "kill him in summer too."
And "tell one" cried the solemn maiden aunt.
207. 1847–48. Grave, moral, solemn, like the mouldering walls
About us."
211. 1847–51. an April woodpecker.
212. "aunt" till 1850.
214 to end of Prologue. 1847–48:—
turn'd to me: "Well—as you will—
Just as you will," she said; "be, if you will,
Yourself your hero."
"Look then," added he,
"Since Lilia would be princess, that you stoop
No lower than a prince."
To which I said,
"Take care, then, that my tale be follow'd out
By all the lieges in my royal vein:
But one that really suited time and place
Were such a medley, we should have him back
Who told the Winter's Tale to do it for us:
A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And there, with shrieks and strange experiments,
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all,
The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.
No matter: we will say whatever comes:
Here are we seven: if each man take his turn
We make a sevenfold story:" then began.

Heroic if you will, or what you will,
Or be yourself your hero if you will."

"Take Lilia, then, for heroine" clamour'd he,
"And make her some great Princess, six feet high,
Grand, epic, homicidal; and be you
The Prince to win her!"
"Then follow me, the Prince," I answer'd, "each be hero in his turn!
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a dream.—
Heroic seems our Princess as required.—
But something made to suit with Time and place,
A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experiments
For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them all—
This *were* a medley! we should have him back
Who told the "Winter's tale" to do it for us.
No matter: we will say whatever comes.
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,
From time to time, some ballad or a song
To give us breathing-space."
So I began,
And the rest follow'd: and the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind:
And here I give the story and the songs.

222. Added in 1851.
229. Omitted in 1850, the next line running thus:—
Were such a medley we should have him back.
231. In 1850, "winter's tale." In 1851, Winter's capital. In 1885 two capitals and two pairs of inverted commas; final form recurs to the present.

I

A Prince I was, blue-eyed, and fair in face,
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a girl,
For on my cradle shone the Northern star.

There lived an ancient legend in our house.
Some sorcerer, whom a far-off grandsire burnt
Because he cast no shadow, had foretold,
Dying, that none of all our blood should know
The shadow from the substance, and that one
Should come to fight with shadows and to fall.
For so, my mother said, the story ran.
And, truly, waking dreams were, more or less,
An old and strange affection of the house.
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.
Our great court-Galen poised his gilt-head cane,
And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd "catalepsy."
My mother pitying made a thousand prayers;
My mother was as mild as any saint,
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness:
But my good father thought a king a king;

I

2. First introduced in 1850. *Cf. Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii., "Love, whose month is ever May," and *King Henry IV.*, Part I. IV. i. 101, "As full of spirit as the month of May."

5–21 inclusive. Added in 1851 (fourth edition).

20. 1851. and call'd it catalepsy.

23. 1847–48. And nearly canonized by all she knew.

He cared not for the affection of the house;
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand
To lash offence, and with long arms and hands
Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from the mass
For judgment.
Now it chanced that I had been,
While life was yet in bud and blade, betroth'd
To one, a neighbouring Princess: she to me
Was proxy-wedded with a bootless calf
At eight years old; and still from time to time
Came murmurs of her beauty from the South,
And of her brethren, youths of puissance;
And still I wore her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

But when the days drew nigh that I should wed,
My father sent ambassadors with furs
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her: these brought back
A present, a great labour of the loom;
And therewithal an answer vague as wind:
Besides, they saw the king; he took the gifts;
He said there was a compact; that was true:
But then she had a will; was he to blame?
And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
Among her women; certain, would not wed.

That morning in the presence room I stood
With Cyril and with Florian, my two friends:

26. Added in 1851.

33. The reference here is to a ceremony occasionally observed in proxy-marriages in the Middle Ages. The best commentary will be Bacon's account of the proxy-marriage of Maximilian of Austria and Anne of Brittany in 1489: "Maximilian . . . so far prevailed, both with the young lady and with the principal persons about her, as the marriage was consummated by proxy with a ceremony at that time in these parts new. For she was not only publicly contracted, but stated as a bride, and solemnly bedded; and after she was laid there came in Maximilian's ambassador with letters of procuration, and in the presence of sundry noble personages, men and women, put his leg, stripped naked to the knee, between the espousal sheets" (*History of Henry VII., ad med.*). But this ceremony was only observed in the case of adults, and Tennyson's application of it to the betrothal of children is without warrant, and absurd. See Mr. Dawson's elaborate and excellent note on this passage in his study of *The Princess*, pp. 62, 63.

36. 1847–48. knights.

The first, a gentleman of broken means
(His father's fault) but given to starts and bursts
Of revel; and the last, my other heart,
And almost my half-self, for still we moved
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye.

Now, while they spake, I saw my father's face
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,
Inflamed with wrath: he started on his feet,
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down, and rent
The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof
From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
That he would send a hundred thousand men,
And bring her in a whirlwind: then he chew'd
The thrice-turn'd cud of wrath, and cook'd his spleen,
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke. "My father, let me go.
It cannot be but some gross error lies
In this report, this answer of a king,
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable:
Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
Whate'er my grief to find her less than fame,
May rue the bargain made." And Florian said:
"I have a sister at the foreign court,
Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence:
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
The lady of three castles in that land:
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clean."
And Cyril whisper'd: "Take me with you too."

55, 56. 1847–50. My shadow, my half-self, for still we moved
Together, kin as horse's ear and eye.

For the expression, *cf.* Horace, *Odes*, I. iii. 8: "animæ dimidium meæ."

65, 66. A Homeric phrase, ἐπὶ νηυσὶ χόλον θυμαλγέα πέσσει, *Iliad*, iv. 5–13 (At the ships he cooks his heart-grieving spleen); *cf.*, too, *Iliad*, i. 81, and Aristotle, *Ethics*, IV. v. 10, ἐν αὐτῷ δὲ πέψαι τὴν ὀργὴν χρόνου δεῖ (To digest internally one's wrath takes time); and the Latin poets have borrowed the term, *cf.* Silius Italicus (*Punica*, ii. 327), "asperque coquebat Jamdudum immites iras," and again (vii. 403). For the former image, Wallace well quotes *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 169:—

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this.

80. 1847–50. Then whisper'd Cyril.

Then laughing "what, if these weird seizures come
Upon you in those lands, and no one near
To point you out the shadow from the truth!
Take me: I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here:" but "No!"
Roar'd the rough king, "you shall not; we ourself
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets: break the council up."

But when the council broke, I rose and past
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the town;
Found a still place, and pluck'd her likeness out;
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying bathed
In the green gleam of dewy-tassell'd trees:
What were those fancies? wherefore break her troth?
Proud look'd the lips: but while I meditated
A wind arose and rush'd upon the South,
And shook the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild woods together; and a Voice
Went with it "Follow, follow, thou shalt win."

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield, I stole from court
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived,

81–88. 1847–48:—

Trust me, I'll serve you better in a strait;
I grate on rusty hinges here:" but "No!"
Replied the king, "you shall not; I myself
Will crush these pretty maiden fancies dead
In iron gauntlets: break the council up."

1850 also follows editions of 1847–48, one line only being altered to read thus:—

Roar'd the rough king, "you shall not; we ourself.

93. Hung with dewy catkins; *cf. In Memoriam*, lxxxvi. 6, "Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood." *Cf.* Mrs. Hemans' *Voice of Spring*: "And the larch has hung all his tassels forth."

96–99. *Cf.* Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*, ii. 1:—

A wind arose among the pines; it shook
The clinging music from their boughs, and then
Low, sweet, faint sounds, like the farewell of ghosts,
Were heard, "O follow, follow, follow me!"

Tennyson denied that the lines in the original were a reminiscence of Shelley, but said they were suggested to him by the effects of a west wind in the New Forest. See his letter to Mr. Dawson (*Life*, i. 258)..

Cat-footed thro' the town and half in dread
To hear my father's clamour at our backs
With Ho! from some bay-window shake the night;
But all was quiet: from the bastion'd walls
Like threaded spiders, one by one, we dropt,
And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost
To a livelier land; and so by tilth and grange,
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilderness,
We gain'd the mother-city thick with towers,
And in the imperial palace found the king.

His name was Gama; crack'd and small his voice,
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
A little dry old man, without a star,
Not like a king: three days he feasted us,
And on the fourth I spake of why we came,
And my betroth'd. "You do us, Prince," he said,
Airing a snowy hand and signet gem,
"All honour. We remember love ourselves
In our sweet youth: there did a compact pass
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—
I think the year in which our olives fail'd.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart: but there were widows here,

103–10. These lines were added later. 1847–48 runs thus:—

Down from the bastion'd walls we dropt by night,
And flying reach'd the frontier: then we crost
To a livelier land; and so by town and thorpe,
And tilth, and blowing bosks of wilderness.

1850 reads:—

Down from the bastion'd wall, suspense by night,
Like threaded spiders from a balk, we dropt,
And flying, etc., *as now*.

Complete present reading of this passage therefore dates from 1851.

113. In 1848 "his voice" altered to "*in* voice," but in 1850 altered back to its original and present reading.

114. Added in 1850, but in this form:—

But bland the smile that pucker'd up his cheeks.

Cf. Shelley, *Prince Athanase*, Frag. ii.:—

O'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere
Of dark emotion, a swift shadow, ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosom'd lake,
Glassy and dark.

Line 114 in its present form and line 115 introduced in 1851.

Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harp'd on this; with this our banquets rang;
Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;
Nothing but this; my very ears were hot
To hear them: knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all; they had but been, she thought,
As children; they must lose the child, assume
The woman: then, Sir, awful odes she wrote,
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,
But all she is and does is awful; odes
About this losing of the child; and rhymes
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
Beyond all reason: these the women sang;
And they that know such things—I sought but peace;
No critic I—would call them masterpieces:
They master'd me. At last she begg'd a boon
A certain summer-palace which I have
Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
All wild to found an University
For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
We know not,—only this: they see no men,
Not ev'n her brother Arac, nor the twins
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look upon her
As on a kind of paragon; and I
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to breed
Dispute betwixt myself and mine: but since
(And I confess with right) you think me bound
In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
Almost at naked nothing."
Thus the king;
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur
With garrulous ease and oily courtesies

134–37 inclusive. Added 1850.
138, 139. Not added till 1851.
140–44. Added 1850.
145. 1847–48. To hear them. Last, my daughter begg'd a boon. "me" till 1875, afterwards *me*.
151. 1847–48. We know not,—have not been; they see no men.

Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)
Went forth again with both my friends. We rode
Many a long league back to the North. At last
From hills, that look'd across a land of hope,
We dropt with evening on a rustic town
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine host
To council, plied him with his richest wines,
And show'd the late-writ letters of the king.

He with a long low sibilation, stared
As blank as death in marble; then exclaim'd
Averring it was clear against all rules
For any man to go: but as his brain
Began to mellow, "If the king," he said,
"Had given us letters, was he bound to speak?
The king would bear him out;" and at the last—
The summer of the vine in all his veins—
"No doubt that we might make it worth his while.
She once had past that way; he heard her speak;
She scared him; life! he never saw the like;
She look'd as grand as doomsday and as grave:
And he, he reverenced his liege-lady there;
He always made a point to post with mares;

163–64. Brackets not attached till 1851.
165–71. 1847–48:—
Set out once more with those two gallant boys;
Then pushing onward under sun and stars
Many a long league back to the North, we came,
When the first fern-owl whirr'd about the copse,
Upon a little town within a wood
Close at the boundary of the liberties;
There entering in an hostel call'd mine host, etc.
1850. Set out once more with those two gallant boys
Many a long league back to the North we past,
And came (the fern-owl whirring in the copse)
Upon a little town within a wood
Close at the boundary, etc., *as at present.*
The present text therefore dates from 1851.
181. *Cf. Marriage of Geraint*: "Now the wine made summer in his veins."
183. Added in 1850.
184. Not added till 1851.
185. Added in 1850.
186. 1847–48. *For him,* he reverenced his liege-lady there.

His daughter and his housemaid were the boys:
The land, he understood, for miles about
Was till'd by women; all the swine were sows,
And all the dogs"—
But while he jested thus,
A thought flashed thro' me which I clothed in act,
Remembering how we three presented Maid
Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of feast,
In masque or pageant at my father's court.
We sent mine host to purchase female gear;
He brought it, and himself, a sight to shake
The midriff of despair with laughter, holp
To lace us up, till, each, in maiden plumes
We rustled: him we gave a costly bribe
To guerdon silence, mounted our good steeds,
And boldly ventured on the liberties.

We follow'd up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley: then we past an arch,
Whereon a woman-statue rose with wings
From four wing'd horses dark against the stars;
And some inscription ran along the front,
But deep in shadow: further on we gain'd
A little street half garden and half house;
But scarce could hear each other speak for noise
Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammers falling
On silver anvils, and the splash and stir
Of fountains spouted up and showering down
In meshes of the jasmine and the rose:
And all about us peal'd the nightingale,
Rapt in her song, and careless of the snare.

197–200. 1847–48:—
Which brought and clapt upon us, we tweezer'd out
What slender blossom lived on lip or cheek
Of manhood, gave mine host a costly bribe, etc.
203. Not introduced till 1851.
204. 1847–50. We rode.
206. 1847–48. and then.
207–9. Added in 1850.
210. 1847–48. Inscribed too dark for legible, and gain'd.
212. 1847–48. But could not hear.

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,
By two sphere lamps blazon'd like Heaven and Earth
With constellation and with continent,
Above an entry: riding in, we call'd;
A plump-arm'd Ostleress and a stable wench
Came running at the call, and help'd us down.
Then stept a buxom hostess forth, and sail'd,
Full-blown, before us into rooms which gave
Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost
In laurel: her we ask'd of that and this,
And who were tutors. "Lady Blanche" she said,
"And Lady Psyche." "Which was prettiest,
Best-natured?" "Lady Psyche." "Hers are we."
One voice, we cried; and I sat down and wrote,
In such a hand as when a field of corn
Bows all its ears before the roaring East;

"Three ladies of the Northern empire pray
Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
As Lady Psyche's pupils."
This I seal'd:
The seal was Cupid-bent above a scroll,
And o'er his head Uranian Venus hung,
And raised the blinding bandage from his eyes:
I gave the letter to be sent with dawn;
And then to bed, where half in doze I seem'd

222. 1847–48. archway.
226. Tennyson seems fond of this Gallicism (*donner sur*); *cf. The Gardener's Daughter*,

This, yielding, gave into a grassy walk,

and *Gareth and Lynette*,

Two great entries . . .
. . . gave upon a range
Of level pavement.

231. 1847–48. Her pupils we.
233, 234. *Cf. Iliad*, ii. 147–48:—

ὡς δ' ὅτε πνοιὴ Ζέφυρος βαθυλήϊον ἰλλὰς
λάβρος, ἐπαΐξῃσιν, ἐπί τ' ἠμύσι δεσταχύεσσιν

(As when the west wind tosses a deep cornfield, rushing down with furious blast).

238–41. 1847–48. (A Cupid reading) to be sent with dawn.
239. 1850. And over him. For the best commentary on this, see the speech of Pausanias in Plato's *Symposium*, pp. 180-88.

To float about a glimmering night, and watch
A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight, swell
On some dark shore just seen that it was rich.

244. Tennyson, in his letter to Mr. Dawson, says that this was suggested to him by "the sea one night at Torquay, when Torquay was the most lovely sea-village in England, tho' now a smoky town. The sky was covered with thin vapour, and the moon behind it" (*Life*, i. 257).

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

This song was added in 1850, but the fourth and thirteenth lines were added in 1851; lines 6–9 inclusive were omitted after 1850, and not reinserted till 1867.

II

At break of day the College Portress came:
She brought us Academic silks, in hue
The lilac, with a silken hood to each,
And zoned with gold; and now when these were on,
And we as rich as moths from dusk cocoons,
She, curtseying her obeisance, let us know
The Princess Ida waited: out we paced,
I first, and following thro' the porch that sang
All round with laurel, issued in a court
Compact of lucid marbles, boss'd with lengths
Of classic frieze, with ample awnings gay
Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.
The Muses and the Graces, group'd in threes,
Enring'd a billowing fountain in the midst;
And here and there on lattice edges lay
Or book or lute; but hastily we past,
And up a flight of stairs into the hall.

There at a board by tome and paper sat,
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,
All beauty compass'd in a female form,
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,
Than our man's earth; such eyes were in her head,
And so much grace and power, breathing down
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn
Lived thro' her to the tips of her long hands,
And to her feet. She rose her height, and said:

"We give you welcome: not without redound
Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,

II
29. 1847–48. Of fame and profit unto yourselves.

The first-fruits of the stranger: aftertime,
And that full voice which circles round the grave,
Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
What! are the ladies of your land so tall?"
"We of the court" said Cyril. "From the court"
She answer'd, "then ye know the Prince?" and he:
"The climax of his age! as tho' there were
One rose in all the world, your Highness that,
He worships your ideal:" she replied:
"We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
This barren verbiage, current among men,
Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
We dream not of him: when we set our hand
To this great work, we purposed with ourselves
Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
The tricks, which make us toys of men, that so,
Some future time, if so indeed you will,
You may with those self-styled our lords ally
Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale."

At those high words, we conscious of ourselves,
Perused the matting; then an officer
Rose up, and read the statutes, such as these:
Not for three years to correspond with home;
Not for three years to cross the liberties;
Not for three years to speak with any men;
And many more, which hastily subscribed,
We enter'd on the boards: and "Now," she cried,
"Ye are green wood, see ye warp not. Look, our hall!
Our statues!—not of those that men desire,
Sleek Odalisques, or oracles of mode,

38. 1847–48. and she replied.
39. 1847–48. We did not think.
42–44. Added in 1850.
44. 1850. "For us" instead of "Indeed."
45. 1847–48. We think not.
46. ourselves, so all the earlier editions. ourself, 1872 onward.
63. The female slaves in a Turkish harem; their name is derived from *odah*, a room.

Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,
The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
Convention, since to look on noble forms
Makes noble thro' the sensuous organism
That which is higher. O lift your natures up:
Embrace our aims: work out your freedom. Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain seal'd:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite
And slander, die. Better not be at all
Than not be noble. Leave us: you may go:
To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue
The fresh arrivals of the week before;
For they press in from all the provinces,
And fill the hive."

64. The reference is to Egeria and Numa Pompilius; see Livy, i. 191. *Cf. Palace of Art*, 109–12, and Byron, *Childe Harold*, iv. st. cxviii.–cxix.

65–67. Semiramis, the wife of Ninus. For her romantic history, see Diodorus, ii. 1–20. Artemisia was the queen of Halicarnassus and the ally of Xerxes; her exploits at the battle of Salamis are fully recorded by Herodotus. For her career and services, see Herod. vii. 99, viii. 69, 87, 93, 101–3.

68. The reference is to Rhodopis, a Greek courtesan, who, tradition said, had built the pyramid in question. But Herodotus (ii. 134), who gives a full account of Rhodopis, tells us that the tradition was false, for the pyramid was really built by Mycerinus, who, however, left it incomplete. Tennyson has no classical authority for a false quantity and an erroneous inflection. The correct form is Rhodōpis (Ῥοδῶπις). He was probably misled by, or chose to follow, Shakespeare and the Elizabethans; *cf. King Henry VI.*, Part I. i. vi. 21 :—

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's of Memphis ever was.

69. For the story of Clelia, one of the hostages given to Lars Porsena when he was besieging Rome, who made her escape by swimming over the Tiber, see Livy, ii. 13. Cornelia, the sister of Scipio Africanus, and the mother of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

70. The Palmyrene, etc., was Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, A.D. 266. For her history, and her contest with Aurelian, see Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xi. The Agrippina referred to was the youngest daughter of Vipsanius Agrippa and of Julia, the daughter of Augustus Cæsar, and was the wife of Cæsar Germanicus. She was a woman of great ability and of a very noble character, but inordinately ambitious. Tacitus (*Annales*, i. 25) describes her as "æqui impatiens, dominandi avida, virilibus curis feminarum vitia exuerat."

71–74. Dwell . . . higher. Added in 1850.

74–80. O lift . . . die. Added in 1851.

She spoke, and bowing waved
Dismissal: back again we crost the court
To Lady Psyche's: as we enter'd in,
There sat along the forms, like morning doves
That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,
A patient range of pupils; she herself
Erect behind a desk of satin-wood,
A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-eyed,
And on the hither side, or so she look'd,
Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,
In shining draperies, headed like a star,
Her maiden babe, a double April old,
Aglaïa slept. We sat: the Lady glanced:
Then Florian, but no livelier than the dame
That whisper'd "Asses' ears" among the sedge,
"My sister." "Comely, too, by all that's fair"
Said Cyril. "O hush, hush!" and she began.

"This world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast
The planets: then the monster, then the man;
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and here
Among the lowest."
Thereupon she took
A bird's-eye-view of all the ungracious past;
Glanced at the legendary Amazon
As emblematic of a nobler age;
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of those

84. 1847–48. So saying she bow'd and waved.

94. *Cf.* Homer of Astyanax (*Il.* vi. 401): 'Εκτορίδην ἀγαπητόν, ἀλίγκιον ἀστέρι καλῷ.

97. The reference is to the well-known story of Midas, but Tennyson deviates from the story as told by Ovid (*Met.* xi. 146–93) in making not the manservant who cut his hair divulge the secret, but a dame, presumably his wife. He seems to have followed Chaucer's version of the story (*Wyf of Bathe's Tale*, 110–26).

101–4. A succinct and lucid summary of the nebular hypothesis of La Place. *Cf. In Memoriam*, cxviii. 7–12.

112. From Herodotus (i. 173). Speaking of the Lycians, he says: "Their customs are partly Cretan and partly Carian, but they have one peculiar to themselves, in which they differ from all other nations; for they take their name from their mothers, and not from their fathers, so that if anyone will ask another who he is, he will describe himself by his mother's side."

That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo;
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines
Of empire, and the woman's state in each,
How far from just; till warming with her theme
She fulmined out her scorn of laws Salique
And little-footed China, touch'd on Mahomet
With much contempt, and came to chivalry:
When some respect, however slight, was paid
To woman, superstition all awry:
However then commenced the dawn: a beam
Had slanted forward, falling in a land
Of promise; fruit would follow. Deep, indeed,
Their debt of thanks to her who first had dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke their necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than themselves but that which made
Woman and man. She had founded; they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught:
Let them not fear: some said their heads were less:
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size:
Besides the brain was like the hand, and grew
With using; thence the man's, if more was more;
He took advantage of his strength to be
First in the field: some ages had been lost;
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life
Was longer; and albeit their glorious names
Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in truth
The highest is the measure of the man,

112–13. Lar, or Lars, was a prænomen of Etruscan origin, and the title usually given to the eldest son. It became an honorary appellation, and came to signify something like our "lord"; so we find (Livy, iii. 65), "Lar Herminus consul," "Lar Tolumnius" (*Id.* iv. 58), "Lars Porsena," etc. Lucumo was also an appellation of the Etruscan princes or priests; so Servius (Commentary on Virgil, *Æneid*, viii. 475), "Tuscia duodecim Lucumones habuit, id est reges quibus unus præerat"; so that the terms simply mean the old Etruscan aristocracy, civil and religious. It seems from the paintings at Volterra that women were admitted to banquets on equal terms with men in ancient Etruria, and as the ancient Etruscans, like the later Romans, took their meals reclining on couches, the women "lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo." Tennyson's ponderous and affected erudition, which is worthy of Lycophron, would have been better employed on some less simple subject.

117. A word coined by Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, III. ii. 5), "through bright heaven fulmined," and adopted by Milton (*Paradise Regained*, iv. 270), "shook the Arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece."

And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
Nor those horn-handed breakers of the glebe,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; even so
With woman: and in arts of government
Elizabeth and others; arts of war
The peasant Joan and others; arts of grace
Sappho and others vied with any man:
And, last not least, she who had left her place,
And bow'd her state to them, that they might grow
To use and power on this Oasis, lapt
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
Of ancient influence and scorn.
At last
She rose upon a wind of prophecy
Dilating on the future; "everywhere
Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
Two in the tangled business of the world,
Two in the liberal offices of life,
Two plummets dropt for one to sound the abyss
Of science, and the secrets of the mind:
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more:
And everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."
She ended here, and beckon'd us: the rest
Parted; and, glowing full-faced welcome, she
Began to address us, and was moving on
In gratulation, till as when a boat
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all her voice
Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she cried
"My brother!" "Well, my sister." "O," she said,
"What do you here? and in this dress? and these?
Why who are these? a wolf within the fold!
A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious to me!
A plot, a plot, a plot to ruin all!"
"No plot, no plot," he answer'd. "Wretched boy,
How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
LET NO MAN ENTER IN ON PAIN OF DEATH?"
"And if I had," he answer'd, "who could think
The softer Adams of your Academe,

142. 1847–48. Caffre.
149. 1847–48. And she, tho' last not least, who had left her place.

O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such
As chanted on the blanching bones of men?"
"But you will find it otherwise" she said.
"You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! my vow
Binds me to speak, and O that iron will,
That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,
The Princess." "Well then, Psyche, take my life,
And nail me like a weasel on a grange
For warning: bury me beside the gate,
And cut this epitaph above my bones;
Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
All for the common good of womankind."
"Let me die too" said Cyril "having seen
And heard the Lady Psyche."
I struck in:
"Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the truth;
Receive it; and in me behold the Prince
Your countryman, affianced years ago
To the Lady Ida: here, for here she was,
And thus (what other way was left) I came."
"O Sir, O Prince, I have no country; none;
If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
Affianced, Sir? love-whispers may not breathe
Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
Who am not mine, say, live: the thunderbolt
Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls."
"Yet pause," I said: "for that inscription there,
I think no more of deadly lurks therein,
Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
To scare the fowl from fruit: if more there be,
If more and acted on, what follows? war;
Your own work marr'd: for this your Academe,
Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo
Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
With all fair theories only made to gild
A stormless summer." "Let the Princess judge
Of that" she said: "farewell Sir—and to you.
I shudder at the sequel, but I go."

184. 1847–48. You jest: ill jesting with edge-tools! I am bound
To tell her. O, she has an iron will,
An axelike edge, etc.

"Are you that Lady Psyche" I rejoin'd,
"The fifth in line from that old Florian,
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
(The gaunt old Baron with his beetle brow
Sun-shaded in the heat of dusty fights)
As he bestrode my Grandsire when he fell,
And all else fled: we point to it, and we say
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,
But branches current yet in kindred veins."
"Are you that Psyche" Florian added "she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,
And snared the squirrel of the glen? are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?"
"You are that Psyche," Cyril said, "for whom
I would be that for ever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,
And glean your scatter'd sapience."
Then once more,
"Are you that Lady Psyche" I began,
"That on her bridal morn before she past
From all her old companions, when the king
Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want or peril, there was one to hear
And help them: look! for such are these and I."
"Are you that Psyche" Florian ask'd "to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?
The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,
And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and the blood
Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.
That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.
O by the bright head of my little niece,
You were that Psyche, and what are you now?"

240. 1847–48. A woman.

"You are that Psyche," Cyril said again,
"The mother of the sweetest little maid,
That ever crow'd for kisses."
"Out upon it!"
She answer'd, "peace! and why should I not play
The Spartan Mother with emotion, be
The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
Him you call great: he for the common weal,
The fading politics of mortal Rome,
As I might slay this child, if good need were,
Slew both his sons: and I, shall I, on whom
The secular emancipation turns
Of half this world, be swerved from right to save
A prince, a brother? a little will I yield.
Best so, perchance for us, and well for you.
O hard, when love and duty clash! I fear
My conscience will not count me fleckless; yet—
Hear my conditions: promise (otherwise
You perish) as you came to slip away,
To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be said,
These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
They fled, who might have shamed us: promise, all."

What could we else, we promised each; and she
Like some wild creature newly-caged, commenced
A to-and-fro, so pacing till she paused
By Florian; holding out her lily arms
Took both his hands, and smiling faintly said:
"I knew you at the first: tho' you have grown
You scarce have alter'd: I am sad and glad
To see you, Florian. *I* give thee to death
My brother! it was duty spoke, not I.
My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
Our mother, is she well?"
With that she kiss'd
His forehead, then, a moment after, clung
About him, and betwixt them blossom'd up

265. For the well-known incident referred to, see Livy, ii. 5.
285, 286. 1847–48:—
You are grown, and yet I knew you at the first.
I am very glad, and I am very vext.
291. 1847–48. "and" (without a comma) instead of "then."

From out a common vein of memory
Sweet household talk, and phrases of the hearth,
And far allusion, till the gracious dews
Began to glisten and to fall: and while
They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a voice,
"I brought a message here from Lady Blanche."
Back started she, and turning round we saw
The Lady Blanche's daughter where she stood,
Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,
A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,
That clad her like an April daffodilly
(Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,
And all her thoughts as fair within her eyes,
As bottom agates seen to wave and float
In crystal currents of clear morning seas.
So stood that same fair creature at the door.
Then Lady Psyche "Ah—Melissa—you!
You heard us?" and Melissa, "O pardon me!
I heard, I could not help it, did not wish:
But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
To give three gallant gentlemen to death."
"I trust you," said the other, "for we two
Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine:
But yet your mother's jealous temperament—
Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
My honour, these their lives." "Ah, fear me not"
Replied Melissa "no—I would not tell,

305. Mr. Dawson quotes from Moore's *Loves of the Angels*:—

I soon could track each thought that lay
Gleaming within her heart, as clear
As pebbles within brooks appear;

and Tennyson said that he had been accused of taking it partly from Beaumont and Fletcher and partly from Shakespeare, but that it had occurred to him when bathing in Wales (*Life*, ii. 385). The passage like it in Beaumont and Fletcher is in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:—

You cannot read it there: there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them.

The passage in Shakespeare I cannot identify.

306. 1847–48. seem.
311. 1847–48. did not mean.
312. 1847–48. I pray you.

No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
No, not to answer, Madam, all those hard things
That Sheba came to ask of Solomon."
"Be it so" the other, "that we still may lead
The new light up, and culminate in peace,
For Solomon may come to Sheba yet."
Said Cyril, "Madam, he the wisest man
Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls
Of Lebanonian cedar: nor should you
(Tho', madam, *you* should answer, *we* would ask)
Less welcome find among us, if you came
Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
Myself for something more." He said not what,
But "Thanks," she answer'd "go: we have been
too long
Together: keep your hoods about the face;
They do so that affect abstraction here.
Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well."

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the child,
And held her round the knees against his waist,
And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,
While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and the child
Push'd her flat hand against his face and laugh'd;
And thus our conference closed.
And then we stroll'd
For half the day thro' stately theatres
Bench'd crescent-wise. In each we sat, we heard
The grave Professor. On the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration: follow'd then
A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thundrous Epic lilted out
By violet-hooded Doctors, elegies
And quoted odes, and jewels five-words-long

324. See 1 Kings x. 1.
326. 1847–48. that we may live to lead.
332. In 1872–77, "Madam"; in 1880, the "madam" reintroduced; in 1885, the capital again introduced, with the addition of a comma before and after the word; final reading returns to 1872–77.
333. 1847–48. if e'er you came.
347, 348. 1847–48. From room to room: in each we sat, we heard.

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever: then we dipt in all
That treats of whatsoever is, the state,
The total chronicles of man, the mind,
The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
And whatsoever can be taught and known;
Till like three horses that have broken fence,
And glutted all night long breast-deep in corn,
We issued gorged with knowledge, and I spoke:
"Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as we."
"They hunt old trails" said Cyril "very well;
But when did woman ever yet invent?"
"Ungracious!" answer'd Florian; "have you learnt
No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talk'd
The trash that made me sick, and almost sad?"
"O trash" he said, "but with a kernel in it.
Should I not call her wise, who made me wise?
And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash,
Than if my brainpan were an empty hull,
And every Muse tumbled a science in.
A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
And round these halls a thousand baby loves
Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
Whence follows many a vacant pang; but O
With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,
The Head of all the golden-shafted firm,
The long-limb'd lad that had a Psyche too;
He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now
What think you of it, Florian? do I chase
The substance or the shadow? will it hold?

369. With this *cf.* Archbishop Whately: "It does appear that women have little inventive power. They learn readily, but very rarely *originate* anything of importance. I have long sought for some instances of invention or discovery by a woman. And the best I have been able to find is Thwaites' Soda-water. A Miss Thwaites of Dublin, an amateur chemist, hit on an improvement in soda-water which enabled her to drive all others out of the market. But besides this, some small musical compositions and some pretty novels and poems are all the female inventions I can find" (*Remains*, p. 189).

384. A reference to the myth of Eros and Psyche.

386–87. The sentence

do I chase
The substance or the shadow?

was inserted in 1851.

I have no sorcerer's malison on me,
No ghostly hauntings like his Highness. I
Flatter myself that always everywhere
I know the substance when I see it. Well,
Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she
The sweet proprietress a shadow? If not,
Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd coat?
For dear are those three castles to my wants,
And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
And two dear things are one of double worth,
And much I might have said, but that my zone
Unmann'd me: then the Doctors! O to hear
The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty plants
Imbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,
To break my chain, to shake my mane: but thou,
Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat;
Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet
Star-sisters answering under crescent brows;
Abate the stride, which speaks of man, and loose
A flying charm of blushes o'er this cheek,
Where they like swallows coming out of time
Will wonder why they came: but hark the bell
For dinner, let us go!"
And in we stream'd
Among the columns, pacing staid and still
By twos and threes, till all from end to end
With beauties every shade of brown and fair
In colours gayer than the morning mist,
The long hall glitter'd like a bed of flowers.
How might a man not wander from his wits
Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept mine own
Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,
The second-sight of some Astræan age,

388–93. Added in 1851.
402. 1847–48. but come.
419–26. 1847–48 runs as follows:—
Intent upon the Princess, where she sat
Among her grave Professors, scattering gems
Of Art and Science: only Lady Blanche,
A double-rouged and treble-wrinkled Dame,
With all her faded Autumns falsely brown.
The present text dates from 1850, except that that edition in line 419 reads "awful dreams," and till 1875 "autumn" is spelt with a capital A.

Sat compass'd with professors: they, the while,
Discuss'd a doubt and tost it to and fro:
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost terms
Of art and science: Lady Blanche alone
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger-cat
In act to spring.
At last a solemn grace
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there
One walk'd reciting by herself, and one
In this hand held a volume as to read,
And smoothed a petted peacock down with that:
Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,
Or under arches of the marble bridge
Hung, shadow'd from the heat: some hid and sought
In the orange thickets: others tost a ball
Above the fountain-jets, and back again
With laughter: others lay about the lawns,
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May
Was passing: what was learning unto them?
They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;
Men hated learned women: but we three
Sat muffled like the Fates; and often came
Melissa hitting all we saw with shafts
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,
That harm'd not: then day droopt; the chapel bells
Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt with those
Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
A long melodious thunder to the sound
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven
A blessing on her labours for the world.

428. Till 1851 no paragraph at "At last."
442, 443. 1847–48. Men hated learned women: and to us came.
446, 447. 1847–48. That harm'd not: so we sat; and now when day
Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with those.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
  Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

The song was added in 1850.
Line 6. 1850. dropping.

III

MORN in the white wake of the morning star
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.
We rose, and each by other drest with care
Descended to the court that lay three parts
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were touch'd
Above the darkness from their native East.

There while we stood beside the fount, and watch'd
Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble, approach'd
Melissa, tinged with wan from lack of sleep,
Or grief, and glowing round her dewy eyes
The circled Iris of a night of tears;
"And fly" she cried, "O fly, while yet you may!
My mother knows:" and when I ask'd her "how"
"My fault" she wept "my fault! and yet not mine;
Yet mine in part. O hear me, pardon me.
My mother, 'tis her wont from night to night
To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
She says the Princess should have been the Head,
Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
And so it was agreed when first they came;
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
And she the left, or not, or seldom used;
Hers more than half the students, all the love.
And so last night she fell to canvass you:
Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.

III

1, 2. With these lines *cf. Love and Duty*:—
And morning driv'n her plow of pearl
Far furrowing into light the mounded rack.
For illustrations, see the annotations on that poem.
7. 1847–48. And while.
10. 1847–48. Or sorrow.
13. 1847–48. and we demanding "how."

"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?
"Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast;
And oh, Sirs, could I help it, but my cheek
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye
To fix and make me hotter, till she laugh'd:
"O marvellously modest maiden, you!
Men! girls, like men! why, if they had been men
You need not set your thoughts in rubric thus
For wholesale comment." Pardon, I am asham'd
That I must needs repeat for my excuse
What looks so little graceful: "men" (for still
My mother went revolving on the word)
"And so they are,—very like men indeed—
And with that woman closeted for hours!"
Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
"Why—these—*are*—men:" I shudder'd: "and you know it."
"O ask me nothing," I said: "And she knows too,
And she conceals it." So my mother clutch'd
The truth at once, but with no word from me;
And now thus early risen she goes to inform
The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crush'd;
But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly:
But heal me with your pardon ere you go."

"What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?"
Said Cyril: "Pale one, blush again: than wear
Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in Heaven"
He added, "lest some classic Angel speak
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Ganymedes,
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn."
But I will melt this marble into wax
To yield us farther furlough:" and he went.

Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and thought
He scarce would prosper. "Tell us," Florian ask'd,

34. 1847–48. And in their fulsome fashion woo'd you, child,
You need not take so deep a rouge: like men—
And so they are,—very like men indeed—
And closeted with her for hours. Aha!"
Then came, etc.

"How grew this feud betwixt the right and left."
"O long ago," she said, "betwixt these two
Division smoulders hidden; 'tis my mother,
Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
Pent in a crevice: much I bear with her:
I never knew my father, but she says
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool;
And still she rail'd against the state of things.
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,
And from the Queen's decease she brought her up.
But when your sister came she won the heart
Of Ida: they were still together, grew
(For so they said themselves) inosculated;
Consonant chords that shiver to one note;
One mind in all things: yet my mother still
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,
And angled with them for her pupil's love:
She calls her plagiarist; I know not what:
But I must go: I dare not tarry," and light,
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled.

Then murmur'd Florian gazing after her,
"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure.
If I could love, why this were she: how pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd again,
As if to close with Cyril's random wish:

67. 1847–48. (God pardon her).
71. 1847–48. love.
72. 1847–48. Of the Princess.
74. *Cf.* Walton's *Life of Donne*: "It is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one being played upon, the other that is not touched being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune." This is frequently referred to in our old writers. Long before Walton, Lyly had noticed it (*Sappho and Phaon*, IV. iii.): "Such is the lying of two in Wedlock as is the tuning of two lutes in one key, for striking the strings of the one, straws will stir upon the strings of the other." *Cf.*, too, Marvell's *Flecknoe*, and Owen Feltham's *Lusoria*, "The Sympathy":—

Two lutes are strung
And on a table, tun'd alike for song;
Strike one, and that which none did touch
Shall sympathizing sound as much.

75. 1847–48. only Lady Blanche.
77. 1847–48. for the Royal heart.

Not like your Princess cramm'd with erring pride,
Nor like poor Psyche whom she drags in tow."

"The crane," I said, "may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.
My princess, O my princess! true she errs,
But in her own grand way: being herself
Three times more noble than threescore of men,
She sees herself in every woman else,
And so she wears her error like a crown
To blind the truth and me: for her, and her,
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix
The nectar; but—ah she—whene'er she moves
The Samian Herè rises and she speaks
A Memnon smitten with the morning Sun."

So saying from the court we paced, and gain'd
The terrace ranged along the Northern front,
And leaning there on those balusters, high
Above the empurpled champaign, drank the gale
That blown about the foliage underneath,
And sated with the innumerable rose,
Beat balm upon our eyelids. Hither came
Cyril, and yawning "O hard task," he cried;
"No fighting shadows here! I forced a way
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd.
Better to clear prime forests, heave and thump
A league of street in summer solstice down,
Than hammer at this reverend gentlewoman.
I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oil'd,

92. 1847–48. For being, and wise in knowing that she is.
97. 1847–48. They are Hebes meet to hand ambrosia, mix.
100. The allusion is to Pausanias, lib. i. 42, *ad med.* *Cf.* *Palace of Art*, 171, 172, and for further illustrations the note to that passage.
101. 1847–48. from out the court.
109, 110. Added in 1851.
114, 115. 1847–48. I knock'd and bidden went in: I found her there
At point to sally, etc.

As man's could be; yet maiden-meek I pray'd
Concealment: she demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,
But, your example pilot, told her all.
Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,
She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,
And our three lives. True—we had limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
The woman's cause. "Not more than now," she said,
"So puddled as it is with favouritism."
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befal
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:
Her answer was "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak,
And duty duty, clear of consequences.
I grew discouraged, Sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenced; "Decide not ere you pause.
I find you here but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic foundress you.
I offer boldly: we will seat you highest:
Wink at our advent: help my prince to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise you
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time
For ever." Well, she balanced this a little,
And told me she would answer us to-day,
Meantime be mute: thus much, nor more I gain'd."

He ceasing, came a message from the Head.
"That afternoon the Princess rode to take

118. 1847–48–50. man.
120. 1847–48. I minted nothing false.
126. 1847–48. —she said we had limed ourselves.
146. 1847–48. A palace in our own land.
153. 1847–48. In the afternoon.

The dip of certain strata to the North.
Would we go with her? we should find the land
Worth seeing; and the river made a fall
Out yonder:" then she pointed on to where
A double hill ran up his furrowy forks
Beyond the thick-leaved platans of the vale.

Agreed to, this, the day fled on thro' all
Its range of duties to the appointed hour.
Then summon'd to the porch we went. She stood
Among her maidens, higher by the head,
Her back against a pillar, her foot on one
Of those tame leopards. Kittenlike he roll'd
And paw'd about her sandal. I drew near;
I gazed. On a sudden my strange seizure came
Upon me, the weird vision of our house:
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,
Her gay-furr'd cats a painted fantasy,
Her college and her maidens, empty masks,
And I myself the shadow of a dream,
For all things were and were not. Yet I felt
My heart beat thick with passion and with awe;
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh
Brake, as she smote me with the light of eyes
That lent my knee desire to kneel, and shook
My pulses, till to horse we got, and so
Went forth in long retinue following up
The river as it narrow'd to the hills.

I rode beside her and to me she said:
"O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us not
Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;
Unwillingly we spake." "No—not to her,"
I answer'd, "but to one of whom we spake
Your Highness might have seem'd the thing you say."
"Again?" she cried "are you ambassadresses

158. 1847–48–50. "dark-blue" for "furrowy."
159. 1847–48–50. full-leaved. *Cf.* Moschus, *Idyll*, v.: ὑπὸ πλατάνῳ βαθυφύλλῳ (under the thick-leaved plane).
167–73. Not added till 1851.
175. 1847–48–50. "And" for "Then."
178. 1847–48–50. clomb.

From him to me? we give you, being strange,
A license: speak, and let the topic die."

I stammer'd that I knew him — could have wish'd—
"Our king expects—was there no precontract?
There is no truer-hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but lonp'd
To follow: surely, if your Highness keep
Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair."

"Poor boy," she said, "can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl;
As girls were once, as we ourselves have been:
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixt with them:
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fall'n divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man."

She paused, and added with a haughtier smile
"And as to precontracts, we move, my friend,
At no man's beck, but know ourselves and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summon'd out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms."

"Alas your Highness breathes full East," I said,
"On that which leans to you. I know the Prince,
I prize his truth: and then how vast a work
To assail this gray prëeminence of man!
You grant me license; might I use it? think;

200. 1847–48–50. exercises.
203. 1872 and onward. ourself.
207. 1847–48. To uplift.
211. 1877 and onward. ourself.
212. Or Vashi; *cf.* Esther i. 11, 12, and *passim*.

Ere half be done perchance your life may fail;
Then comes the feebler heiress of your plan,
And takes and ruins all; and thus your pains
May only make that footprint upon sand
Which old-recurring waves of prejudice
Resmooth to nothing: might I dread that you,
With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,
Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due,
Love, children, happiness?"
And she exclaim'd,
"Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild!
What! tho' your Prince's love were like a God's,
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice?
You are bold indeed: we are not talk'd to thus:
Yet will we say for children, would they grew
Like field-flowers everywhere! we like them well:
But children die; and let me tell you, girl,
Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die:
They with the sun and moon renew their light
For ever, blessing those that look on them.
Children — that men may pluck them from our hearts,
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—
O—children—there is nothing upon earth
More miserable than she that has a son
And sees him err: nor would we work for fame;
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause of Great,
Who learns the one ΠΟΥ ΣΤΩ whence after-hands
May move the world, tho' she herself effect
But little: wherefore up and act, nor shrink
For fear our solid aim be dissipated

232. 1847–48. ourselves.

237. For the sentiment, *cf.* Plato, *Symposium*, p. 208, "Men whose bodies only are creative betake themselves to women and beget children; their offspring, as they hope, will preserve their memory; . . . but creative souls conceive that which is proper for the soul to conceive or retain;" and Bacon (*Discourse in the Praise of his Sovereign*), "Let them leave children that leave no other memory in their times."

246. The well-known remark of Archimedes, "Give me a place to stand on (literally, where I may stand), and I will move the world." The anecdote is related by Tzetzes, ἔλεγε δὲ καὶ δωριστὶ φωνῇ Συρακουσίᾳ· Πᾶ στῶ, καὶ χαριστίαις τὰν γᾶν κινήσω πᾶσαν (And he said in Doric, in the Syracusan dialect, where may I stand, and with my lever I will move the world).

By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
Of giants living, each, a thousand years,
That we might see our own work out, and watch
The sandy footprint harden into stone."

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself
If that strange Poet-princess with her grand
Imaginations might at all be won.
And she broke out interpreting my thoughts:

"No doubt we seem a kind of monster to you;
We are used to that: for women, up till this
Cramp'd under worse than South-sea-isle taboo,
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far
In high desire, they know not, cannot guess
How much their welfare is a passion to us.
If we could give them surer, quicker proof—
Oh if our end were less achievable
By slow approaches, than by single act
Of immolation, any phase of death,
We were as prompt to spring against the pikes,
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,
To compass our dear sister's liberties."

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear;
And up we came to where the river sloped
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black blocks
A breadth of thunder. O'er it shook the woods,
And danced the colour, and, below, stuck out
The bones of some vast bulk that lived and roar'd
Before man was. She gazed awhile and said,
"As these rude bones to us, are we to her
That will be." "Dare we dream of that," I ask'd,
"Which wrought us, as the workman and his work,
That practice betters?" "How," she cried, "you love
The metaphysics! read and earn our prize,

250. 1847–48–50. Of frail.

256, 257. 1847–48–50. If that strange maiden could at all be won.

261. A Polynesian word signifying restraint, particularly of a religious kind; it has another form, *tapu*.

262. 1847–48, spelt "gynecæum." The women's apartments in a Greek house (τὸ γυναικεῖον).

269, 270. As Arnold von Winkelried did at the battle of Sempach in 1388, as Marcus Curtius did in the forum of Rome in B.C. 362.

271. So till 1860; afterwards, sisters'.

A golden broach: beneath an emerald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock; our device; wrought to the life;
She rapt upon her subject, he on her:
For there are schools for all." "And yet" I said
"Methinks I have not found among them all
One anatomic." "Nay, we thought of that,"
She answer'd, "but it pleased us not: in truth
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males that carve the living hound,
And cram him with the fragments of the grave,
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits: yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs:
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,
Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
For many weary moons before we came,
This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
Would tend upon you. To your question now,
Which touches on the workman and his work.
Let there be light and there was light: 'tis so:
For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once,
The birth of light: but we that are not all,
As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and make
One act a phantom of succession: thus
Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time;
But in the shadow we will work, and mould
The woman to the fuller day."

284. 1877 and onward. brooch.

285. A priestess of Mantineia, who is said to have been the instructress of Socrates. Her opinions on the origin, nature, and objects of life are introduced in Plato's *Symposium*, pp. 201–12.

294. A reference to a horrible report that dogs kept for the purpose of dissection sometimes fed on the bodies which had already been dissected. See Hogarth's ghastly picture of a dissecting-room, where a dog is represented as doing what is here described.

300 and 303. 1847–48. ourselves.

313. This fine expression is Wordsworth's (*Yew-trees*):—

Death the Skeleton
And Time the Shadow.

314. So all the earlier editions. 1875. will we.

She spake
With kindled eyes: we rode a league beyond,
And, o'er a bridge of pinewood crossing, came
On flowery levels underneath the crag,
Full of all beauty. "O how sweet" I said
(For I was half-oblivious of my mask)
"To linger here with one that loved us." "Yea,"
She answer'd, "or with fair philosophies
That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns,
Where paced the Demigods of old, and saw
The soft white vapour streak the crowned towers
Built to the Sun:" then, turning to her maids,
"Pitch our pavilion here upon the sward;
Lay out the viands." At the word, they raised
A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
With fair Corinna's triumph; here she stood,
Engirt with many a florid maiden-cheek,
The woman-conqueror; woman-conquer'd there
The bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns,
And all the men mourn'd at his side: but we
Set forth to climb; then, climbing, Cyril kept
With Psyche, with Melissa Florian, I
With mine affianced. Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag: and then we turn'd, we wound
About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun
Grew broader toward his death and fell, and all
The rosy heights came out above the lawns.

316–17. 1847–48. rode a little higher
To cross the flood by a narrow bridge, and came.

319. 1847. and "O how sweet" etc.

324. The allusion, as Mr. Wallace points out, seems to be to Pindar (*Olymp.* ii. 123–36), the "towers built to the Sun" being the tower of Chronos, but it is so faint and vague as to be scarcely discernible.

331. Corinna, the famous Bœotian poetess, and the most distinguished of Greek poetesses, who is said to have instructed Pindar, "the bearded Victor of ten thousand hymns," and to have beaten him afterwards in competition, according to Ælian (*Var. Hist.* xiii. 25), five times; according to Pausanias (ix. 22), once.

337. 1847–48. With Psyche, Florian with the other, and I.

343–45. For these terms, see any of the popular handbooks on geology.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

The song was introduced in 1850, and has not been altered.
9, 10. *Cf.* Haynes Bayly,

Oh, blow the horn! oh, blow the horn!
Hark! faeries are replying,

burden to his "Come over the lake, Love" (*Poetical Works*, i. 212).

IV

"THERE sinks the nebulous star we call the Sun,
If that hypothesis of theirs be sound"
Said Ida; "let us down and rest;" and we
Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,
By every coppice-feather'd chasm and cleft,
Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where below
No bigger than a glow-worm shone the tent
Lamp-lit from the inner. Once she lean'd on me,
Descending; once or twice she lent her hand,
And blissful palpitations in the blood,
Stirring a sudden transport rose and fell.

But when we planted level feet, and dipt
Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,
There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank
Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she, "Let some one sing to us: lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music:" and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair

IV

17. 1847–48. Fruit, viand, blossom, and amber wine and gold.

21 *seqq.* Of this beautiful blank-verse lyric Tennyson said (*Life*, i. 253): "The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in 'Tears, idle Tears,' which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Tintern Abbey, full for me of its bygone memories." The germ of it may be found in a short poem contributed by Tennyson in 1831 to *The Gem*, which runs thus:—

Oh sad *No more!* Oh sweet *No more!*
Oh strange *No more!*
By a mossed brookband on a stone
I smelt a wildweed-flower alone:
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathomdeep beneath with thee, No More!
(*The Gem* for 1831, p. 87.)

With the sentiment of the poem may be compared Macpherson's Ossian,

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

She ended with such passion that the tear,
She sang of, shook and fell, an erring pearl
Lost in her bosom: but with some disdain
Answer'd the Princess "If indeed there haunt
About the moulder'd lodges of the Past
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
And so pace by: but thine are fancies hatch'd
In silken-folded idleness; nor is it
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
But trim our sails, and let old bygones be,
While down the streams that float us each and all

Conleth and Cuthona, ad init.: "Did not Ossian hear a voice? Or is it the sound of days that are no more? Often does the memory of former times come like the evening sun upon my soul."

21. This lyric after 1875 generally in small type.

33, 34. *Cf.* Leigh Hunt, *Hero and Leander*, canto ii., *ad fin.*:—

And when the casement at the dawn of light
Began to show a square of ghastly white.

50. 1847–48. gone.

51–52. 1847–48. and let the old proverb serve
While down the streams that buoy each separate craft.

To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
Throne after throne, and molten on the waste
Becomes a cloud: for all things serve their time
Toward that great year of equal mights and rights,
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the end
Found golden: let the past be past; let be
Their cancell'd Babels: tho' the rough kex break
The starr'd mosaic, and the wild goat hang
Upon the shaft, and the wild figtree split
Their monstrous idols, care not while we hear
A trumpet in the distance pealing news
Of better, and Hope, a poising eagle, burns
Above the unrisen morrow:" then to me;
"Know you no song of your own land," she said,
"Not such as moans about the retrospect,
But deals with the other distance and the hues
Of promise; not a death's-head at the wine."

Then I remember'd one myself had made,
What time I watch'd the swallow winging south
From mine own land, part made long since, and part
Now while I sang, and maidenlike as far
As I could ape their treble, did I sing.

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,

59. The reference is to Genesis xi. 1-9.

59. Kex, or kecksie, is a dry stalk of hemlock or some similar plant. Cotgrave under "canon" has "canon de sulo, a kex or elder stick." *Cf.* *Henry V.*, v. ii.:—

And nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, *kecksies*, burs.

So in Ray's *Proverbs*, "As hollow as a gun, or as a kex." See Nares' note. We should naturally take the "starr'd mosaic" as meaning "flawed," as we speak of glass being "starred," and quoting from Tennyson himself (Prologue to *Morte d'Arthur*), "I bump'd the ice into three several stars." But he himself, on this interpretation being submitted to him, rejected it, and said that what he meant was "decorated with stars."

60. In or before 1871. beard-blown goat
Hang on the shaft.

61. 1847-48. Upon the pillar. 1850-1-3. Upon the shaft. For this effect of the wild fig-tree, see Juvenal (x. 144-45), speaking of sepulchres,

ad quæ
Discutienda valent sterilis mala robora ficus,

and Persius (i. 25); and for further illustrations, the commentators on these passages.

65. 1847. and then.

69. See Herodotus, ii. 78, for the custom referred to.

75 *seqq.* After 1875 this lyric generally in small type.

Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

I ceased, and all the ladies, each at each,
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,
Stared with great eyes, and laugh'd with alien lips,
And knew not what they meant; for still my voice
Rang false: but smiling "Not for thee," she said,
"O Bulbul, any rose of Gulistan
Shall burst her veil: marsh-divers, rather, maid,

101. The German and French phrases are familiar: "laugh'd with alien lips" is a translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, xx. 347, οἱ δ' ἤδη γναθμοῖσι γελῴων ἀλλοτρίοισιν, "And now they began to laugh with alien jaws," *i.e.* with jaws which did not belong to them, *i.e.* with constrained or unnatural laughter. Horace borrowed the same phrase (*Sat.* II. iii. 72), but gives it a different meaning.

104. Bulbul is the Persian for nightingale, and Gulistan for rose-garden. According to the Persian poets, the nightingale woos the rose, which unfolds *if the charm* of the song holds her.

Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow-crake
Grate her harsh kindred in the grass: and this
A mere love-poem! O for such, my friend,
We hold them slight: they mind us of the time
When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,
That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
And dress the victim to the offering up,
And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
Poor soul! I had a maid of honour once;
She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
So they blaspheme the muse! But great is song
Used to great ends: ourself have often tried
Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have dash'd
The passion of the prophetess; for song
Is duer unto freedom, force and growth
Of spirit than to junketing and love.
Love is it? Would this same mock-love, and this
Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
Till all men grew to rate us at our worth,
Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes
To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
Whole in ourselves and owed to none. Enough!
But now to leaven play with profit, you,
Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
That gives the manners of your countrywomen?"

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous head with eyes
Of shining expectation fixt on mine.
Then while I dragg'd my brains for such a song,
Cyril, with whom the bell-mouth'd flask had wrought,

109. 1847–48. prize.
114. *Cf.* Tacitus, *Hist.* i. 36: "Omnia serviliter pro dominatione."
115–24. Added in 1850.
121. In Scandinavian mythology the Valkyrs were the warrior deities, who with wild cries accompanied the heroes into battle, and escorted the slain to Valhalla; the word seems to mean "wildly inspiring."
125. 1847–48. I would.
130. 1847–48–50. due to none.
137. 1847–48. Did Cyril.
137. 1875 and onward. "glass."

Or master'd by the sense of sport, began
To troll a careless, careless tavern-catch
Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
Unmeet for ladies. Florian nodded at him,
I frowning; Psyche flush'd and wann'd and shook;
The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows;
"Forbear" the Princess cried; "Forbear, Sir" I;
And heated thro' and thro' with wrath and love,
I smote him on the breast; he started up;
There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd;
Melissa clamour'd "Flee the death;" "To horse"
Said Ida; "home! to horse!" and fled, as flies
A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
When some one batters at the dovecote-doors,
Disorderly the women. Alone I stood
With Florian, cursing Cyril, vext at heart,
In the pavilion: there like parting hopes
I heard them passing from me: hoof by hoof,
And every hoof a knell to my desires,
Clang'd on the bridge; and then another shriek,
"The Head, the Head, the Princess, O the Head!"
For blind with rage she miss'd the plank, and roll'd
In the river. Out I sprang from glow to gloom:
There whirl'd her white robe like a blossom'd branch
Rapt to the horrible fall: a glance I gave,
No more; but woman-vested as I was
Plunged; and the flood drew; yet I caught her; then
Oaring one arm, and bearing in my left
The weight of all the hopes of half the world,
Strove to buffet to land in vain. A tree
Was half-disrooted from his place and stoop'd
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling wave
Mid-channel. Right on this we drove and caught,
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd the shore.

There stood her maidens glimmeringly group'd
In the hollow bank. One reaching forward drew
My burthen from mine arms; they cried "she lives!"

138. 1847–48. begin.
149. 1847–48. Said Lady Ida; and fled at once, as flies.
172. 1848. group (plainly a misprint).
174. 1847–48. and crying.

They bore her back into the tent: but I,
So much a kind of shame within me wrought,
Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,
Nor found my friends; but push'd alone on foot
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)
Across the woods, and less from Indian craft
Than beelike instinct hiveward, found at length
The garden portals. Two great statues, Art
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were valves
Of open-work in which the hunter rued
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the gates.

A little space was left between the horns,
Thro' which I clamber'd o'er at top with pain,
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden walks,
And, tost on thoughts that changed from hue to hue,
Now poring on the glowworm, now the star,
I paced the terrace, till the bear had wheel'd
Thro' a great arc his seven slow suns.
A step
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain gloom,
Disturb'd me with the doubt "if this were she,"
But it was Florian. "Hist O hist," he said,
"They seek us: out so late is out of rules.
Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the cry.
How came you here?" I told him: "I" said he,
"Last of the train, a moral leper, I,
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart, return'd.
Arriving all confused among the rest
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw.

180. 1847. Across the thicket.
182. 1847–48. The gates of the garden.
185. 1847. Of open metal in which the old hunter rued.
194. 1875 and onward. Bear.
196. 1847. and then.
199. 1875 and onward. "Hist O Hist."
202. 1847–48. I found the key in the doors: how came you here?

Girl after girl was call'd to trial: each
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us: last of all,
Melissa: trust me, Sir, I pitied her.
She, question'd if she knew us men, at first
Was silent; closer prest, denied it not:
And then, demanded if her mother knew,
Or Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied:
From whence the Royal mind, familiar with her,
Easily gather'd either guilt. She sent
For Psyche, but she was not there; she call'd
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors;
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to face;
And I slipt out: but whither will you now?
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are fled:
What, if together? that were not so well.
Would rather we had never come! I dread
His wildness, and the chances of the dark."

"And yet," I said, "you wrong him more than I
That struck him: this is proper to the clown,
Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled, still the clown,
To harm the thing that trusts him, and to shame
That which he says he loves: for Cyril, howe'er
He deal in frolic, as to-night—the song
Might have been worse and sinn'd in grosser lips
Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold
These flashes on the surface are not he.
He has a solid base of temperament:
But as the waterlily starts and slides
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he."

215. 1847–48. Or Lady Psyche, affirm'd not, or denied.
236. *Cf.* Wordsworth of moral truth (*Excursion*, v.):—

A thing
Subject . . . to vital accidents,
And, like the water-lily, lives and thrives,
Whose root is fix'd in stable earth, whose head
Floats on the tossing waves.

Tennyson denied that he was indebted to Wordsworth for this simile, and said it was suggested to him by "water-lilies in my own pond, seen on a gusty day with my own eyes. They did start and slide in the sudden puffs of wind till caught and stayed by the tether of their own stalks, quite as true as Wordsworth's simile and more in detail" (*Life*, i. 257).

Scarce had I ceased when from a tamarisk near
Two Proctors leapt upon us, crying "Names:"
He, standing still, was clutch'd; but I began
To thrid the musky-circled mazes, wind
And double in and out the boles, and race
By all the fountains: fleet I was of foot:
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes; behind
I heard the puff'd pursuer; at mine ear
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,
And secret laughter tickled all my soul.
At last I hook'd my ancle in a vine,
That clasp't the feet of a Mnemosyne,
And falling on my face was caught and known.

They haled us to the Princess where she sat
High in the hall: above her droop'd a lamp,
And made the single jewel on her brow
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,
Prophet of storm: a handmaid on each side
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair
Damp from the river; and close behind her stood
Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
Huge women blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
And labour. Each was like a Druid rock;
Or like a spire of land that stands apart
Cleft from the main, and wail'd about with mews.

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing clove
An advent to the throne: and therebeside,
Half-naked as if caught at once from bed
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
The lily-shining child; and on the left,
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from wrong,

242. 1847–48. To thrid thro' all the musky mazes, wind.
249. 1847–48. took. 1875 and onward. ankle.
255. An allusion to St. Elmo's fire, the phosphorescent light which appears on the tops of ships' masts or other pointed objects when the air is full of electricity, storm impending. Mr. Rolfe appositely quotes Longfellow's *Golden Legend*:—

Last night I saw St. Elmo's stars,
With their glimmering lanterns all at play
On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.

Cf. Shakespeare, too, *Tempest*, I. ii. 197.

Her round white shoulder shaken with her sobs,
Melissa knelt; but Lady Blanche erect
Stood up and spake, an affluent orator.

"It was not thus, O Princess, in old days:
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips:
I led you then to all the Castalies;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me
Your second mother: those were gracious times.
Then came your new friend: you began to change—
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to cool;
Till taken with her seeming openness
You turn'd your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze: this was my meed for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,
And partly that I hoped to win you back,
And partly conscious of my own deserts,
And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be,
When time should serve; and thus a noble scheme
Grew up from seed we two long since had sown;
In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,
Up in one night and due to sudden sun:
We took this palace; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darken'd mine.
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all?
But still her lists were swell'd and mine were lean;
Yet I bore up in hope she would be known:
Then came these wolves: *they* knew her: *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear:
And me none told: not less to an eye like mine,
A lidless watcher of the public weal,

273. 1847–48. in the old days.
275. All the sources of poetry. Castalia was a fountain on Parnassus, sacred to Apollo and the Muses.
283. 1847–48. You froze to me.

Last night, their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you: but I thought again: I fear'd
To meet a cold "We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche:" you had gone to her,
She told, perforce; and winning easy grace,
No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd among us
In our young nursery still unknown, the stem
Less grain than touchwood, while my honest heat
Were all miscounted as malignant haste
To push my rival out of place and power.
But public use required she should be known;
And since my oath was ta'en for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.
I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them well,
Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done;
And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
I came to tell you; found that you had gone,
Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise: now, I thought,
That surely she will speak; if not, then I:
Did she? These monsters blazon'd what they were,
According to the coarseness of their kind,
For thus I hear; and known at last (my work)
And full of cowardice and guilty shame,
I grant in her some sense of shame, she flies;
And I remain on whom to wreak your rage,
I, that have lent my life to build up yours,
I that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
And talents, I—you know it—I will not boast:
Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
Divorced from my experience, will be chaff
For every gust of chance, and men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread."

She ceased: the Princess answer'd coldly, "Good:
Your oath is broken: we dismiss you: go.
For this lost lamb (she pointed to the child)
Our mind is changed: we take it to ourselves."

323. 1847–48. I judged it best to speak; but you had gone.
324. 1847–48. Ridden.
325. 1847–48. will tell you.
330. 1847–48. the merit of shame.
334. 1875, talent; 1877, talents; 1884, talent; and so all editions since.
343. 1847–48. we assume it to ourselves. 1875 and onward. ourselfs.

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture throat,
And shot from crooked lips a haggard smile.
"The plan was mine. I built the nest" she said
"To hatch the cuckoo. Rise!" and stoop'd to updrag
Melissa: she, half on her mother propt,
Half-drooping from her, turn'd her face, and cast
A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,
Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,
A Niobëan daughter, one arm out,
Appealing to the bolts of Heaven; and while
We gazed upon her came a little stir
About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd
Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,
A woman-post in flying raiment. Fear
Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face, and wing'd
Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the Head
Took half-amazed, and in her lion's mood
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise
Regarding, while she read, till over brow
And cheek and bosom brake the wrathful bloom
As of some fire against a stormy cloud,
When the wild peasant rights himself, the rick
Flames, and his anger reddens in the heavens;
For anger most it seem'd, while now her breast,
Beaten with some great passion at her heart,
Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard
In the dead hush the papers that she held
Rustle: at once the lost lamb at her feet
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam;
The plaintive cry jarr'd on her ire; she crush'd
The scrolls together, made a sudden turn
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should say
"Read," and I read—two letters—one her sire's.

"Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince your way
We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,
We, conscious of what temper you are built,

352. A reference to the famous Niobe group at Florence.
355. 1847. ran in.
356. 1847-48. all out of breath, as pursued.

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
Into his father's hands, who has this night,
You lying close upon his territory,
Slipt round and in the dark invested you,
And here he keeps me hostage for his son."

The second was my father's running thus:
"You have our son: touch not a hair of his head:
Render him up unscathed: give him your hand:
Cleave to your contract: tho' indeed we hear
You hold the woman is the better man:
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread
Would make all women kick against their Lords
Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
That we this night should pluck your palace down;
And we will do it, unless you send us back
Our son, on the instant, whole."
So far I read;
And then stood up and spoke impetuously.

"O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
But led by golden wishes, and a hope
The child of regal compact, did I break
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex
But venerator, zealous it should be
All that it might be: hear me, for I bear,
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life
Less mine than yours: my nurse would tell me of you;
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stoop'd to me
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;
The leader wildswan in among the stars
Would clang it, and lapt in wreaths of glowworm light
The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now,
Because I would have reach'd you, had you been

389. 1847–48. Deliver.
403. 1847–48. and willing it should be.
411 and 412. 1847–48. the inmost,
417. 1847–48. tho' you had been.

Sphered up with Cassiopëia, or the enthroned
Persephone in Hades, now at length,
Those winters of abeyance all worn out,
A man I came to see you: but, indeed,
Not in this frequence can I lend full tongue,
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait
On you, their centre: let me say but this,
That many a famous man and woman, town
And landskip, have I heard of, after seen
The dwarfs of presage; tho' when known, there grew
Another kind of beauty in detail
Made them worth knowing; but in you I found
My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
And master'd, while that after-beauty makes
Such head from act to act, from hour to hour,
Within me, that except you slay me here,
According to your bitter statute-book,
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say
The seal does music; who desire you more
Than growing boys their manhood; dying lips,
With many thousand matters left to do,
The breath of life; O more than poor men wealth,
Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
Without you; with you, whole; and of those halves
You worthiest; and howe'er you block and bar
Your heart with system out from mine, I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair,
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die:
Yet that I came not all unauthorized
Behold your father's letter."

On one knee
Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught, and dash'd
Unopen'd at her feet: a tide of fierce

422. Latin, *frequentia*, a crowded assembly. *Cf.* Milton, *Paradise Regained*, i. 128–29,

Who, in full *frequence* bright
Of angels,

and again, *Id.* ii. 130; and Browning, *Bal. Advent.* 2001,

"He . . knew the kindly *sequence* there,"

427. This harsh and obscure expression appears to mean, falling short of what had been expected in or of them.

430. 1847–48. Mine old ideal.

450. 1847–48. on the marble.

Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,
As waits a river level with the dam
Ready to burst and flood the world with foam:
And so she would have spoken, but there rose
A hubbub in the court of half the maids
Gather'd together: from the illumined hall
Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a press
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,
And gold and golden heads; they to and fro
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some pale,
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,
Some crying there was an army in the land,
And some that men were in the very walls,
And some they cared not; till a clamour grew
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,
And worse-confounded: high above them stood
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

Not peace she look'd, the Head: but rising up
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so
To the open window moved, remaining there
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms and call'd
Across the tumult and the tumult fell.

"What fear ye, brawlers? am not I your Head?
On me, me, me, the storm first breaks: *I* dare
All these male thunderbolts: what is it ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And clad in iron burst the ranks of war,
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,

456. "illumin'd" till 1851.
470. *Cf.* B. W. Procter (*The Pearl-Wearer*):—
Within the *midnight of her hair.*
472. *Cf. Enoch Arden*, 730–32.
474. 1847. and the wild sea-birds.

Die: yet I blame ye not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made ye that
From which I would redeem ye: but for those
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know
Your faces there in the crowd—to-morrow morn
We hold a great convention: then shall they
That love their voices more than duty, learn
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame to live
No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels,
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad."

She, ending, waved her hands: thereat the crowd
Muttering, dissolved: then with a smile, that look'd
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,
When all the glens are drown'd in azure gloom
Of thunder-shower, she floated to us and said:

"You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince: you have our thanks for all:
And you look well too in your woman's dress:
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
You saved our life: we owe you bitter thanks:
Better have died and spilt our bones in the flood—
Then men had said—but now—What hinders me
To take such bloody vengeance on you both?—
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good hive,
You would-be quenchers of the light to be,
Barbarians, grosser than your native bears—
O would I had his sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gull'd
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and thwarted us—

485-6-7. 1875 and onward. you.
490. 1847-48. We meet to elect new tutors.
510. 1847-48. You have saved.
514. 1847-48. Wasps in the wholesome hive.
519. 1847-48. tutors.

I wed with thee! *I* bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave! not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were pack'd to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you. Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us:
I trample on your offers and on you:
Begone: we will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates."
In wrath she spake.
Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough
Bent their broad faces toward us and address'd
Their motion: twice I sought to plead my cause,
But on my shoulder hung their heavy hands,
The weight of destiny: so from her face
They push'd us, down the steps, and thro' the court,
And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates.

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty mound
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and heard
The voices murmuring. While I listen'd, came
On a sudden the weird seizure and the doubt:
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts;
The Princess with her monstrous woman-guard,
The jest and earnest working side by side,
The cataract and the tumult and the kings
Were shadows; and the long fantastic night
With all its doings had and had not been,
And all things were and were not.
This went by
As strangely as it came, and on my spirits
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy;
Not long; I shook it off; for spite of doubts
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one
To whom the touch of all mischance but came
As night to him that sitting on a hill
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway sun
Set into sunrise; then we moved away.

524. 1847–48–50. your face are loathsome.
537–46. While I listen'd . . . came. Added in 1851.
537. 1847–48–50. till upon my spirits.
548–49. 1847–48. Which I shook off, for I was young, and one.
1850. Which I shook off, for I was ever one.
550. 1847–48–50. shadow of all mischance.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

So Lilia sang: we thought her half-possess'd,
She struck such warbling fury thro' the words;
And, after, feigning pique at what she call'd
The raillery or grotesque, or false sublime—
Like one that wishes at a dance to change
The music—clapt her hands and cried for war,
Or some grand fight to kill and make an end:
And he that next inherited the tale
Half turning to the broken statue, said,
"Sir Ralph has got your colours: if I prove
Your knight, and fight your battle, what for me?"
It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
Lay by her like a model of her hand.
She took it and she flung it. "Fight" she said,
"And make us all we would be, great and good."
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,
Arranged the favour and assumed the Prince.

The song (though altered) and the stanza following were added in 1850.
There is an interesting variant of this song, printed in the *Selections* from Tennyson's poems published by Moxon in 1865, but afterwards suppressed.
1850. 1, 2. When all among the thundering drums
Thy soldier in the battle stands,
1850. 8. Strikes him dead for them and thee!
Tara ta tantara!
10. 1850. through.

V

Now, scarce three paces measured from the mound,
We stumbled on a stationary voice,
And "Stand, who goes?" "Two from the palace" I.
"The second two: they wait," he said, "pass on;
His Highness wakes:" and one, that clash'd in arms,
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas, led
Threading the soldier-city, till we heard
The drowsy folds of our great ensign shake
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial tent
Whispers of war.
Entering, the sudden light
Dazed me half-blind: I stood and seem'd to hear,
As in a poplar grove when a light wind wakes
A lisping of the innumerous leaf and dies,
Each hissing in his neighbour's ear; and then
A strangled titter, out of which there brake
On all sides, clamouring etiquette to death,
Unmeasured mirth; while now the two old kings
Began to wag their baldness up and down,
The fresh young captains flash'd their glittering teeth,
The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved and blew,
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded Squire.

At length my Sire, his rough cheek wet with tears,
Panted from weary sides "King, you are free!
We did but keep you surety for our son,

V

7. 1847–48. until we heard.
13. A form used by Milton and Henry More; *cf.* *Paradise Lost*, vii. 455, Innumerous living creatures," and *Comus*, 349, "close dungeon of innumerous boughs": it is the form commonly employed by Henry More.
15. 1847–48. out of which outbrake.
23. 1847–48. "You are free, O King!

If this be he,—or a draggled mawkin, thou,
That tends her bristled grunters in the sludge:"
For I was drench'd with ooze, and torn with briers,
More crumpled than a poppy from the sheath,
And all one rag, disprinced from head to heel.
Then some one sent beneath his vaulted palm
A whisper'd jest to some one near him, "Look,
He has been among his shadows." "Satan take
The old women and their shadows! (thus the King
Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight with men.
Go: Cyril told us all."
As boys that slink
From ferule and the trespass-chiding eye,
Away we stole, and transient in a trice
From what was left of faded woman-slough
To sheathing splendours and the golden scale
Of harness, issued in the sun, that now
Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the Earth,
And hit the northern hills. Here Cyril met us,
A little shy at first, but by and by
We twain, with mutual pardon ask'd and given
For stroke and song, resolder'd peace, whereon
Follow'd his tale. Amazed he fled away
Thro' the dark land, and later in the night
Had come on Psyche weeping: "then we fell
Into your father's hand, and there she lies,
But will not speak, nor stir."
He show'd a tent
A stone-shot off: we enter'd in, and there
Among piled arms and rough accoutrements,
Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,
Like some sweet sculpture draped from head to foot,
And push'd by rude hands from its pedestal,
All her fair length upon the ground she lay:
And at her head a follower of the camp,

25. A kitchen wench or drudge: a phonetic variation of malkin, a diminutive of Mall or Mary. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Tempest*, II. ii., *Coriolanus*, II. i. 122, and other places.

30–35. 1847–48–50 has merely

"But hence," he said, "indue yourselves like men.
Your Cyril told us all."

Present text, 1851.

42. 1872 and afterwards. Northern. The comma after "us" not added till 1853; edition of 1880, full stop; 1885 goes back to comma.

A charr'd and wrinkled piece of womanhood,
Sat watching like a watcher by the dead.

Then Florian knelt, and "Come," he whisper'd to her,
"Lift up your head, sweet sister: lie not thus.
What have you done but right? you could not slay
Me, nor your prince: look up: be comforted:
Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fall'n in darker ways." And likewise I:
"Be comforted: have I not lost her too,
In whose least act abides the nameless charm
That none has else for me?" She heard, she moved,
She moan'd, a folded voice; and up she sat,
And raised the cloak from brows as pale and smooth
As those that mourn half-shrouded over death
In deathless marble. "Her," she said, "my friend—
Parted from her—betray'd her cause and mine—
Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not your faith?
O base and bad! what comfort? none for me!"
To whom remorseful Cyril, "Yet I pray
Take comfort: live, dear lady, for your child!"
At which she lifted up her voice and cried.

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my child,
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;
And either she will die from want of care,
Or sicken with ill-usage, when they say
The child is hers—for every little fault,
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl
Remembering her mother: O my flower!
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,
And she will pass me by in after-life
With some cold reverence worse than were she dead.
Ill mother that I was to leave her there,
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,
The horror of the shame among them all:
But I will go and sit beside the doors,
And make a wild petition night and day,
Until they hate to hear me like a wind
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,

And lay my little blossom at my feet,
My babe, my sweet Aglaïa, my one child:
And I will take her up and go my way,
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me
Who gave me back my child?" "Be comforted,"
Said Cyril, "you shall have it:" but again
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and so
Like tender things that being caught feign death,
Spoke not, nor stirr'd.
By this a murmur ran
Thro' all the camp and inward raced the scouts
With rumour of Prince Arac hard at hand.
We left her by the woman, and without
Found the gray kings at parle: and "Look you" cried
My father "that our compact be fulfill'd:
You have spoilt this child; she laughs at you and man:
She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and him:
But red-faced war has rods of steel and fire;
She yields, or war."
Then Gama turn'd to me:
"We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy time
With our strange girl: and yet they say that still
You love her. Give us, then, your mind at large:
How say you, war or not?"
"Not war, if possible,
O king," I said, "lest from the abuse of war,
The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,
The smouldering homestead, and the household flower
Torn from the lintel—all the common wrong—
A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her
Three times a monster: now she lightens scorn
At him that mars her plan, but then would hate
(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,
And every face she look'd on justify it)

110. 1847–48. and "Look to it" cried.
111. 1847–48. is performed.
112. 1847–48. girl.
113–15. 1847–48. She shall not legislate for nature, king,
But yields, etc.
117. 1847–48. child.
126. 1847–48. At the enemy of her plan,

The general foe. More soluble is this knot,
By gentleness than war. I want her love.
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd
Your cities into shards with catapults,
She would not love;—or brought her chain'd, a slave,
The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord,
Not ever would she love; but brooding turn
The book of scorn, till all my little chance
Were caught within the record of her wrongs,
And crush'd to death: and rather, Sire, than this
I would the old God of war himself were dead,
Forgotten, rusting on his iron hills,
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of wreck,
Or like an old-world mammoth bulk'd in ice,
Not to be molten out."
And roughly spake
My father, "Tut, you know them not, the girls.
Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think
That idiot legend credible. Look you, Sir!
Man is the hunter; woman is his game:
The sleek and shining creatures of the chase,
We hunt them for the beauty of their skins;
They love us for it, and we ride them down.
Wheedling and siding with them! Out! for shame!
Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to them
As he that does the thing they dare not do,
Breathing and sounding beauteous battle, comes
With the air of the trumpet round him, and leaps in
Among the women, snares them by the score
Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd with death
He reddens what he kisses: thus I won
Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,
Worth winning; but this firebrand—gentleness
To such as her! if Cyril spake her true,
To catch a dragon in a cherry net,

The following line stood between 129 and 130 in 1847–48,
Like almost all the rest, if men were wise,
nd this line between 132 and 133,
And dusted down your domes with mangonels.
136. 1875 and onward. flitting.
145, 146. Not added till 1851.
147–51. First added in 1850, but in place of them the editions of 1847–48 ave the following:—
They prize hard knocks, and to be won by force.

To trip a tigress with a gossamer,
Were wisdom to it."
"Yea but Sire," I cried,
"Wild natures need wise curbs. The soldier? No:
What dares not Ida do that she should prize
The soldier? I beheld her, when she rose
The yesternight, and storming in extremes,
Stood for her cause, and flung defiance down
Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the death,
No, not the soldier's: yet I hold her, king,
True woman: but you clash them all in one,
That have as many differences as we.
The violet varies from the lily as far
As oak from elm: one loves the soldier, one
The silken priest of peace, one this, one that,
And some unworthily; their sinless faith,
A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,
Glorifying clown and satyr; whence they need
More breadth of culture: is not Ida right?
They worth it? truer to the law within?
Severer in the logic of a life?
Twice as magnetic to sweet influences
Of earth and heaven? and she of whom you speak,
My mother, looks as whole as some serene
Creation minted in the golden moods
Of sovereign artists; not a thought, a touch,
But pure as lines of green that streak the white
Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves; I say,
Not like the piebald miscellany, man,
Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual mire,
But whole and one: and take them all-in-all,
Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,
As truthful, much that Ida claims as right
Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly theirs
As dues of Nature. To our point: not war:
Lest I lose all."
"Nay, nay, you spake but sense"
Said Gama. "We remember love ourselves

184. First three editions, 1847–48–50. Earth and Heaven.
190–92. 1847–48. Not like strong bursts of sample among men,
But all one piece: and take them all-in-all.
195. 1847–48. as easily.
198. 1872 and onward. ourself.

In our sweet youth; we did not rate him then
This red-hot iron to be shaped with blows.
You talk almost like Ida: *she* can talk;
And there is something in it as you say:
But you talk kindlier: we esteem you for it.—
He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,
I would he had our daughter: for the rest,
Our own detention, why, the causes weigh'd,
Fatherly fears—you used us courteously—
We would do much to gratify your Prince—
We pardon it; and for your ingress here
Upon the skirt and fringe of our fair land,
You did but come as goblins in the night,
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's head,
Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the milking-maid,
Nor robb'd the farmer of his bowl of cream:
But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,
He comes back safe) ride with us to our lines,
And speak with Arac: Arac's word is thrice
As ours with Ida: something may be done—
I know not what—and ours shall see us friends.
You, likewise, our late guests, if so you will,
Follow us: who knows? we four may build some plan
Foursquare to opposition."
Here he reach'd
White hands of farewell to my sire, who growl'd
An answer which, half-muffled in his beard,
Let so much out as gave us leave to go.

Then rode we with the old king across the lawns
Beneath huge trees, a thousand rings of Spring
In every bole, a song on every spray
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and woke
Desire in me to infuse my tale of love
In the old king's ears, who promised help, and oozed
All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode;
And blossom-fragrant slipt the heavy dews
Gather'd by night and peace, with each light air

201. Italics first in 1853.
212. "plowman" till 1860.
227. *Cf. The Talking Oak*, 83, 84:—
Tho' I circle in the grain
Five hundred rings of years.

On our mail'd heads: but other thoughts than Peace
Burnt in us, when we saw the embattled squares,
And squadrons of the Prince, trampling the flowers
With clamour: for among them rose a cry
As if to greet the king; they made a halt;
The horses yell'd; they clash'd their arms; the drum
Beat; merrily-blowing shrill'd the martial fife;
And in the blast and bray of the long horn
And serpent-throated bugle, undulated
The banner: anon to meet us lightly pranced
Three captains out; nor ever had I seen
Such thews of men: the midmost and the highest
Was Arac: all about his motion clung
The shadow of his sister, as the beam
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made them glance
Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone,
That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions, wash'd with morning, as they came.

And I that prated peace, when first I heard
War-music, felt the blind wildbeast of force,
Whose home is in the sinews of a man,
Stir in me as to strike: then took the king
His three broad sons; with now a wandering hand
And now a pointed finger, told them all:
A common light of smiles at our disguise
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy jest
Had labour'd down within his ample lungs,
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in words.

"Our land invaded, 'sdeath! and he himself
Your captive, yet my father wills not war:

250. The three bright stars which form Orion's belt. Orion is brightest in winter.

254. Steel helmets, from the Spanish *morrion*. With the phrase "wash'd with morning," *cf.* Browning (*Old Pictures at Florence*), "wash'd by the morning's water-gold."

262. 1847–48. Broke from their lips, and Arac, turning said.

263–65. Added in 1850.

266. 1847–48–50. "Our land invaded, life and soul! himself.

And, 'sdeath! myself, what care I, war or no?
But then this question of your troth remains:
And there's a downright honest meaning in her;
She flies too high, she flies too high! and yet
She ask'd but space and fairplay for her scheme;
She prest and prest it on me—I myself,
What know I of these things? but, life and soul!
I thought her half-right talking of her wrongs;
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath! what of that?
I take her for the flower of womankind,
And so I often told her, right or wrong,
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those she loves,
And, right or wrong, I care not: this is all,
I stand upon her side: she made me swear it—
'Sdeath—and with solemn rites by candle-light—
Swear by St. something—I forget her name—
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men;
She was a princess too; and so I swore.
Come, this is all; she will not: waive your claim:
If not, the foughten field, what else, at once
Decides it, 'sdeath! against my father's will."

268. Added in 1850 in the following form:—
And, life! myself I care not, war or no.
269. 1847–48. But, Prince, the question of your troth remains.
271. Added in 1850.
273–88. The remainder of this stanza added for the most part in 1850.
1847–48. She prest and prest it on me; life! I felt
That she was half-right talking of her wrongs;
And I'll stand by her. Waive your claim, or else
Decide it here: why not? we are three to three."
276–79. Added in 1851.
280. 1850. "And" for "Yet."
282 and 288. 1850. "Life" for "'Sdeath."
283. The reference is to the semi-mythical Saint Catherine of Alexandria, who is said to have lived about the beginning of the fourth century, and to have been the daughter of Costus, the half-brother of Constantine. She was martyred at Alexandria. According to the legend commonly received, the Emperor Maxentius, or some say Maximin, sent the fifty wisest men of his court to convert her from Christianity; but she confuted them all, and converted them. See the Latin Life of Saint Catherine, edited with the Early English poem by Dr. Eugen Einenkel. She is one of the heroines of Dryden's *Tyrannic Love; or, The Royal Martyr*. *Cf.* with Tennyson's reference the account which Valerius gives of her (Act I. Sc. i.):—
The Christian princess in her tent confers
With fifty of your learn'd Philosophers,
Whom with such eloquence she does persuade
That they are captives to her reasons made.
I left them yielding up their vanquish'd cause,
And all the soldiers shouting her applause.

I lagg'd in answer loth to render up
My precontract, and loth by brainless war
To cleave the rift of difference deeper yet;
Till one of those two brothers, half aside
And fingering at the hair about his lip,
To prick us on to combat "Like to like!
The woman's garment hid the woman's heart."
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a blow!
For fiery-short was Cyril's counter-scoff,
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the point
Where idle boys are cowards to their shame,
"Decide it here: why not? we are three to three."

Then spake the third "But three to three? no more?
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?
More, more, for honour: every captain waits
Hungry for honour, angry for his king.
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each
May breathe himself, and quick! by overthrow
Of these or those, the question settled die."

"Yea," answer'd I, "for this wild wreath of air,
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest
Foam of men's deeds—this honour, if ye will.
It needs must be for honour if at all:
Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,
And if we win, we fail: she would not keep
Her compact." "'Sdeath! but we will send to her,"
Said Arac, "worthy reasons why she should
Bide by this issue: let our missive thro',
And you shall have her answer by the word."

289. 1847–48. loth to strike her kin.
290. Added in 1850.
291. 1847–48. And cleave.
294–95. 1847–48. "Three to three?
But such a three to three were three to one."
296. 1847–48. boast.
298. 1847–48. sense.
300. This line having ended the preceding stanza in 1847–48, was not introduced here, the following two lines taking its place:—
And tipt with sportive malice to and fro,
Like pointed arrows leapt the taunts and hit.
314–15. 1847–48. "We will send to her" Arac said
"A score of worthy reasons, etc.
314. 1850. "Life!" for "'Sdeath!"

"Boys!" shriek'd the old king, but vainlier than a hen
To her false daughters in the pool; for none
Regarded; neither seem'd there more to say:
Back rode we to my father's camp, and found
He thrice had sent a herald to the gates,
To learn if Ida yet would cede our claim,
Or by denial flush her babbling wells
With her own people's life: three times he went:
The first, he blew and blew, but none appear'd:
He batter'd at the doors; none came: the next,
An awful voice within had warn'd him thence:
The third, and those eight daughters of the plough
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught his hair,
And so belabour'd him on rib and cheek
They made him wild: not less one glance he caught
Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the noise
Of arms; and standing like a stately Pine
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,
When storm is on the heights, and right and left
Suck'd from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents, dash'd to the vale: and yet her will
Bred will in me to overcome it or fall.

But when I told the king that I was pledged
To fight in tourney for my bride, he clash'd
His iron palms together with a cry;
Himself would tilt it out among the lads:
But overborne by all his bearded lords
With reasons drawn from age and state, perforce
He yielded, wroth and red, with fierce demur:
And many a bold knight started up in heat,
And sware to combat for my claim till death.

All on this side the palace ran the field
Flat to the garden-wall: and likewise here,
Above the garden's glowing blossom-belts,
A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,

333. 1847–48. Thro' the open doors.
336. This simile, as we learn from Tennyson's *Life* (i. 475), was suggested by a pine-tree on an island situated in midstream between two waterfalls at the Lac de Gaube, in the Pyrenees.

And great bronze valves, emboss'd with Tomyris
And what she did to Cyrus after fight,
But now fast barr'd: so here upon the flat
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd up,
And all that morn the heralds to and fro,
With message and defiance, went and came;
Last, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,
But shaken here and there, and rolling words
Oration-like. I kiss'd it and I read.

"O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal-gift a scourge;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire
Where smoulder their dead despots; and of those,—
Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion: and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men: the old leaven leaven'd all:
Millions of throats would bawl for civil rights,
No woman named: therefore I set my face
Against all men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them:

355. Tomyris was queen of the Massagetæ, and the reference is to Herodotus, i. 214: "Tomyris, having filled a skin with human blood, sought for the body of Cyrus among the slain of the Persians, and having found it, thrust the head into the skin, and insulting the dead body, said, 'Thou hast indeed ruined me, though alive and victorious in battle, since thou hast taken my son by stratagem; but I will now glut thee with blood, as I threatened.'"

364. 1847–48. You have known, O brother, all the pangs we felt.

365. 1847–48. of moral anger.

366–74. The allusions are (l. 366) to cramping the feet of the Chinese women, (l. 367–68) to the old custom in Russia of the presentation to the bridegroom of a rod at marriage as a symbol of the bride's submission under penalty of corporal chastisement, (l. 369–70) to the horrible *Sati*, that is, the custom of burning widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, and (l. 370–74) to the ancient Hindu custom of murdering female children at birth, to prevent the horrible dishonour of continual virginity, the degradation attaching to the name of father-in-law, and the heavy expenses of the marriage ceremony.

375. 1847–48. That it was little better in better times.

380–1–2. 1847–48. we.

I stored it full of rich memorial:
I fenced it round with gallant institutes,
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey,
And prosper'd; till a rout of saucy boys
Brake on us at our books, and marr'd our peace,
Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know not what
Of insolence and love, some pretext held
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will
Seal'd not the bond—the striplings!—for their sport!—
I tamed my leopards: shall I not tame these?
Or you? or I? for since you think me touch'd
In honour—what, I would not aught of false—
Is not our cause pure? and whereas I know
Your prowess, Arac, and what mother's blood
You draw from, fight; you failing, I abide
What end soever: fail you will not. Still
Take not his life: he risk'd it for my own;
His mother lives: yet whatsoe'er you do,
Fight and fight well; strike and strike home, O dear
Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you, you
The sole men to be mingled with our cause,
The sole men we shall prize in the after-time,
Your very armour hallow'd, and your statues
Rear'd, sung to, when this gad-fly brush'd aside,
We plant a solid foot into the Time,
And mould a generation strong to move
With claim on claim from right to right, till she
Whose name is yoked with children's, know herself;

384. 1847–48. set.
386. 1847–48. we.
388. 1847–48. Of old affiance, invalid, since our will.
390–92. 1847–48:—
We have tamed our leopards: shall we not tame these?
Or you? or we? for since you think we are touch'd
In honour—nay, we would not aught of false—
393. 1847–48. we.
395–97. 1847–48. You draw from, fight; we abide what end soe'er,
You failing: but we know you will not. Still
You must not slay him: he risk'd his life for ours.
396. 1850. but you will not.
After line 407 this passage runs as follows in 1847–48–50:—
The woman-phantom, she that seem'd no more
Than the man's shadow in a glass, her name
Yoked in his mouth with children's, know herself.
The edition of 1850 encloses the beginning of the above down to "children's" in brackets.

And Knowledge in our own land make her free,
And, ever following those two crowned twins,
Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery grain
Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs
Between the Northern and the Southern morn."

Then came a postscript dash'd across the rest.
"See that there be no traitors in your camp:
We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust
Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt-plague of men!
Almost our maids were better at their homes,
Than thus man-girdled here: indeed I think
Our chiefest comfort is the little child
Of one unworthy mother; which she left:
She shall not have it back: the child shall grow
To prize the authentic mother of her mind.
I took it for an hour in mine own bed
This morning: there the tender orphan hands
Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm from thence
The wrath I nursed against the world: farewell."

I ceased; he said: "Stubborn, but she may sit
Upon a king's right hand in thunder-storms,
And breed up warriors! See now, tho' yourself
Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs
That swallow common sense, the spindling king,
This Gama swamp'd in lazy tolerance.
When the man wants weight, the woman takes it up,
And topples down the scales; but this is fixt
As are the roots of earth and base of all;
Man for the field and woman for the hearth:
Man for the sword and for the needle she:
Man with the head and woman with the heart:
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion. Look you! the gray mare

409. 1847–48. And knowledge liberate her, nor only here,
But ever, etc.
1851. Knowledge.
412. First three editions. Freedom.
419. 1847–48. we think.
424, 425. 1847–48. We took it for an hour this morning to us,
In our own bed: the tender orphan hands, etc.,
but "our" for "my," and "we" for "I."
441. 1847–48. Look to it:

Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery, and her small goodman
Shrinks in his arm-chair while the fires of Hell
Mix with his hearth: but you—she's yet a colt—
Take, break her: strongly groom'd and straitly curb'd
She might not rank with those detestable
That let the bantling scald at home, and brawl
Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in the street.
They say she's comely; there's the fairer chance:
I like her none the less for rating at her!
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,
But suffers change of frame. A lusty brace
Of twins may weed her of her folly. Boy,
The bearing and the training of a child
Is woman's wisdom."

Thus the hard old king:
I took my leave, for it was nearly noon:
I pored upon her letter which I held,
And on the little clause "take not his life:"
I mused on that wild morning in the woods,
And on the "Follow, follow, thou shalt win:"
I thought on all the wrathful king had said,
And how the strange betrothment was to end:
Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's curse
That one should fight with shadows and should fall;
And like a flash the weird affection came:
King, camp and college turn'd to hollow shows;
I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,
And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,
To dream myself the shadow of a dream:
And ere I woke it was the point of noon,
The lists were ready. Empanoplied and plumed
We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there
Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared
At the barrier like a wild horn in a land

445, 446. 1847–48. Mix with his hearth: but take and break her, you!
She's yet a colt. Well groom'd and strongly curb'd.
448. 1847–48. That to the hireling leave their babe, and brawl.
457. 1847–48–50. it was the point of noon.
458–71 inclusive. Added in 1851.
474–76. 1847–48. To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared
At the barrier—yet a moment, and once more.
1850. Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared,
etc., same as 1847.

Of echoes, and a moment, and once more
The trumpet, and again: at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears
And riders front to front, until they closed
In conflict with the crash of shivering points,
And thunder. Yet it seem'd a dream, I dream'd
Of fighting. On his haunches rose the steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks: part reel'd but kept their seats:
Part roll'd on the earth and rose again and drew:
Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses. Down
From those two bulks at Arac's side, and down
From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,
The large blows rain'd, as here and everywhere
He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing lists,
And all the plain,—brand, mace, and shaft, and shield—
Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil bang'd
With hammers; till I thought, can this be he
From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,
The mother makes us most—and in my dream
I glanced aside, and saw the palace-front
Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies' eyes,
And highest, among the statues, statuelike,
Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,
With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,
A single band of gold about her hair,
Like a Saint's glory up in heaven: but she
No saint—inexorable—no tenderness—
Too hard, too cruel: yet she sees me fight,
Yea, let her see me fall! with that I drave
Among the thickest and bore down a Prince,

480. 1847–48. In the middle with.
481, 482. 1847–48–50. And thunder. On his haunches rose the steed.
Between lines 484 and 485 in 1851 and 1853 only this line appears:—
A noble dream! what was it else I saw?
492. The dashes were inserted in 1848.
496. 1847–48–50. and thinking thus.
497. 1847–48. I glanced to the left.
500. Miriam, the sister of Moses, led a chorus of thanksgiving after the passage of the Red Sea, the women following with cymbals (Exodus xv. 20, 21). Jael, by assassinating Sisera, delivered the Jews from oppression (Judges iv.).
506. 1847–48–50. die.

And Cyril, one. Yea, let me make my dream
All that I would. But that large-moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake,
Made at me thro' the press, and, staggering back
With stroke on stroke the horse and horseman, came
As comes a pillar of electric cloud,
Flaying the roofs and sucking up the drains,
And shadowing down the champain till it strikes
On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and cracks, and splits,
And twists the grain with such a roar that Earth
Reels, and the herdsmen cry; for everything
Gave way before him: only Florian, he
That loved me closer than his own right eye,
Thrust in between; but Arac rode him down:
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the Prince,
With Psyche's colour round his helmet, tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms;
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he that smote
And threw him: last I spurr'd; I felt my veins
Stretch with fierce heat; a moment hand to hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we hung,
Till I struck out and shouted; the blade glanced;
I did but shear a feather, and dream and truth
Flow'd from me; darkness closed me; and I fell.

508, 509. 1847–48–50. And Cyril one; but that large-moulded man.
510. Added in 1850.
514. 1847–48. Flaying off the roofs.
515. 1884. champaign.
517. 1847–48. that the Earth.
525. 1847–48. "suppler" for "heavier."
530. 1847–48–50. and life and love.

Home they brought her warrior dead:
  She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
  "She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
  Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
  Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
  Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
  Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
  Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
  "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

The song was added in 1850, and has not been altered.

With the incident embodied in the song, *cf.* Thorpe's *Edda of Sæmund the Learned*, pp. 89–91, and the following passage in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*: —

O'er her warrior's bloody bier
The ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear,
Until amid her sorrowing clan
Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee.

. . . . . .

Then fast the mother's tears did seek
To dew the infant's kindling cheek.

There is a variant of this song in the *Selections* from Tennyson's poems, printed by Moxon in 1865, beginning, "Home they brought him, slain with spears."

VI

My dream had never died or lived again.
As in some mystic middle state I lay;
Seeing I saw not, hearing not I heard:
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all
So often that I speak as having seen.

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,
That all things grew more tragic and more strange;
That when our side was vanquish'd and my cause
For ever lost, there went up a great cry,
The Prince is slain. My father heard and ran
In on the lists, and there unlaced my casque
And grovell'd on my body, and after him
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaïa.

But high upon the palace Ida stood
With Psyche's babe in arm: there on the roofs
Like that great dame of Lapidoth she sang.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed,
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

VI

1–3. Added in 1851.
4. 1847–48–50. What follow'd, tho' I saw not, yet I heard.
6, 7. Added in 1851.
The first three editions therefore start as follows:—
What follow'd, tho' I saw not, yet I heard
So often that I speak as having seen.
For when our side was vanquished, etc.
15. The reference is to Deborah, the wife of Lapidoth, according to some, though, according to others, belonging to a place named Lapidoth; the text judiciously leaves the matter ambiguous. For the pæan referred to, see Judges iv., v. After 1875 the song generally printed in small type.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
And would have strown it, and are fall'n themselves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade.

"Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power, and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

"And now, O maids, behold our sanctuary
Is violate, our laws broken: fear we not
To break them more in their behoof, whose arms
Champion'd our cause and won it with a day
Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,
When dames and heroines of the golden year
Shall strip a hundred hollows bare of Spring,
To rain an April of ovation round
Their statues, borne aloft, the three: but come,
We will be liberal, since our rights are won.
Let them not lie in the tents with coarse mankind,
Ill nurses; but descend, and proffer these
The brethren of our blood and cause, that there
Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender ministries
Of female hands and hospitality."

40. 1847–48. Æonian breeze.
47. An obscure and affected expression for marked with white chalk, as propitious days among the Romans were.

She spoke, and with the babe yet in her arms,
Descending, burst the great bronze valves, and led
A hundred maids in train across the Park.
Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on they came,
Their feet in flowers, her loveliest: by them went
The enamour'd air sighing, and on their curls
From the high tree the blossom wavering fell,
And over them the tremulous isles of light
Slided, they moving under shade: but Blanche
At distance follow'd: so they came: anon
Thro' open field into the lists they wound
Timorously; and as the leader of the herd
That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,
And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,
Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,
The lovely, lordly creature floated on
To where her wounded brethren lay; there stay'd;
Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—and prest
Their hands, and call'd them dear deliverers,
And happy warriors, and immortal names,
And said "You shall not lie in the tents but here,
And nursed by those for whom you fought, and served
With female hands and hospitality."

Then, whether moved by this, or was it chance,
She past my way. Up started from my side
The old lion, glaring with his whelpless eye,
Silent; but when she saw me lying stark,
Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly pale,
Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd; and when she saw
The haggard father's face and reverend beard
Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood
Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain
Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead past
A shadow, and her hue changed, and she said:

, 66. The "tremulous isles of light" Tennyson himself explained as "spots
nshine coming through the leaves and seeming to slide from one to the
r as the procession of girls moves under the shade." Mr. Wallace
sitely quotes *Œnone*, 176–78:—

and o'er her rounded form
Between the shadows of the vine-bunches
Floated the glowing sunlights, as she moved.

. 1847–48. Thro' the open field.
. 1847. and all her hue.

"He saved my life: my brother slew him for it,"
No more: at which the king in bitter scorn
Drew from my neck the painting and the tress,
And held them up: she saw them, and a day
Rose from the distance on her memory,
When the good Queen, her mother, shore the tress
With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche:
And then once more she look'd at my pale face:
Till understanding all the foolish work
Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,
Her iron will was broken in her mind;
Her noble heart was molten in her breast;
She bow'd, she set the child on the earth; she laid
A feeling finger on my brows, and presently
"O Sire," she said, "he lives: he is not dead:
O let me have him with my brethren here
In our own palace: we will tend on him
Like one of these; if so, by any means,
To lighten this great clog of thanks, that make
Our progress falter to the woman's goal."

She said: but at the happy word "he lives"
My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my wounds.
So those two foes above my fallen life,
With brow to brow like night and evening mixt
Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever stole
A little nearer, till the babe that by us,
Half-lapt in glowing gauze and golden brede,
Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the grass,
Uncared for, spied its mother and began
A blind and babbling laughter, and to dance
Its body, and reach its fatling innocent arms
And lazy lingering fingers. She the appeal
Brook'd not, but clamouring out "Mine—mine—not yours,
It is not yours, but mine: give me the child"
Ceased all on tremble: piteous was the cry:
So stood the unhappy mother open-mouth'd,
And turn'd each face her way: wan was her cheek

110. 1847–48. makes.
118. *Cf.* Collins, *Ode to Evening*: "With brede ethereal wove."

With hollow watch, her blooming mantle torn,
Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,
And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and half
The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst
The laces toward her babe; but she nor cared
Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,
Look'd up, and rising slowly from me, stood
Erect and silent, striking with her glance
The mother, me, the child; but he that lay
Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,
Trail'd himself up on one knee: then he drew
Her robe to meet his lips, and down she look'd
At the arm'd man sideways, pitying, as it seem'd,
Or self-involved; but when she learnt his face,
Remembering his ill-omen'd song, arose
Once more thro' all her height, and o'er him grew
Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand
When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he said:

"O fair and strong and terrible! Lioness
That with your long locks play the Lion's mane!
But Love and Nature, these are two more terrible
And stronger. See, your foot is on our necks,
We vanquish'd, you the Victor of your will.
What would you more? give her the child! remain
Orb'd in your isolation: he is dead,
Or all as dead: henceforth we let you be:
Win you the hearts of women; and beware
Lest, where you seek the common love of these,
The common hate with the revolving wheel
Should drag you down, and some great Nemesis
Break from a darken'd future, crown'd with fire,
And tread you out for ever: but howsoe'er
Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms
To hold your own, deny not her's to her,
Give her the child! O if, I say, you keep
One pulse that beats true woman, if you loved
The breast that fed or arm that dandled you,

137, 138. 1847–48. but Cyril, who lay
Bruised, where he fell, not far off, much in pain.
162. 1875 onward. hers to her.
165. 1847–48. or the arm.

Or own one part of sense not flint to prayer,
Give her the child! or if you scorn to lay it,
Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with yours,
Or speak to her, your dearest, her one fault
The tenderness, not yours, that could not kill,
Give *me* it: *I* will give it her."
He said:
At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd
Dry flame, she listening; after sank and sank
And, into mournful twilight mellowing, dwelt
Full on the child; she took it: "Pretty bud!
Lily of the vale! half open'd bell of the woods!
Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a world
Of traitorous friend and broken system made
No purple in the distance, mystery,
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell;
These men are hard upon us as of old,
We two must part: and yet how fain was I
To dream thy cause embraced in mine, to think
I might be something to thee, when I felt
Thy helpless warmth about my barren breast
In the dead prime: but may thy mother prove
As true to thee as false, false, false to me!
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke, I wish it
Gentle as freedom"—here she kiss'd it: then—
"All good go with thee! take it Sir," and so
Laid the soft babe in his hard-mailed hands,
Who turn'd half-round to Psyche as she sprang
To meet it, with an eye that swum in thanks;
Then felt it sound and whole from head to foot,
And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close enough,
And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled it,
And hid her bosom with it; after that
Put on more calm and added suppliantly:

"We two were friends: I go to mine own land
For ever: find some other: as for me

166. From 1880 onward. port.
171. 1847–48. and I.
185. 1847–48–50. Thy waxen warmth about my milkless breast.
193. 1847–48. To embrace it.

I scarce am fit for your great plans: yet speak to me,
Say one soft word and let me part forgiven."

But Ida spoke not, rapt upon the child.
Then Arac. "Ida—'sdeath! you blame the man;
You wrong yourselves—the woman is so hard
Upon the woman. Come, a grace to me!
I am your warrior, I and mine have fought
Your battle: kiss her; take her hand, she weeps:
'Sdeath! I would sooner fight thrice o'er than see it."

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,
And moved beyond his custom, Gama said:

"I've heard that there is iron in the blood,
And I believe it. Not one word? not one?
Whence drew you this steel temper? not from me,
Not from your mother, now a saint with saints.
She said you had a heart—I heard her say it—
'Our Ida has a heart'—just ere she died—
'But see that some one with authority
Be near her still' and I—I sought for one—
All people said she had authority—
The Lady Blanche: much profit! Not one word;
No! tho' your father sues: see how you stand
Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good knights maim'd,
I trust that there is no one hurt to death,
For your wild whim: and was it then for this,
Was it for this we gave our palace up,
Where we withdrew from summer heats and state,
And had our wine and chess beneath the planes,
And many a pleasant hour with her that's gone,
Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?
Speak to her I say: is this not she of whom,
When first she came, all flush'd you said to me
Now had you got a friend of your own age,

204. 1847–48–50. "Soul and life!
After line 206 in 1847–48 comes this line, afterwards excised:—
I am your brother; I advise you well.
209. 1847–48–50. Life!
225. Added in 1850.
233. Editions up to and including 1853. all-flush'd.

Now could you share your thought; now should men see
Two women faster welded in one love
Than pairs of wedlock; she you walk'd with, she
You talk'd with, whole nights long, up in the tower,
Of sine and arc, spheroïd and azimuth,
And right ascension, Heaven knows what; and now
A word, but one, one little kindly word,
Not one to spare her: out upon you, flint!
You love nor her, nor me, nor any; nay,
You shame your mother's judgment too. Not one?
You will not? well—no heart have you, or such
As fancies like the vermin in a nut
Have fretted all to dust and bitterness."
So said the small king moved beyond his wont.

But Ida stood nor spoke, drain'd of her force
By many a varying influence and so long.
Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor wept:
Her head a little bent; and on her mouth
A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded moon
In a still water: then brake out my sire,
Lifting his grim head from my wounds. "O you,
Woman, whom we thought woman even now,
And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,
Because he might have wish'd it—but we see
The accomplice of your madness unforgiven,
And think that you might mix his draught with death,
When your skies change again: the rougher hand
Is safer: on to the tents: take up the Prince."

He rose, and while each ear was prick'd to attend
A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd her broke
A genial warmth and light once more, and shone
Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend.
"Come hither,
O Psyche," she cried out, "embrace me, come,
Quick while I melt; make reconcilement sure
With one that cannot keep her mind an hour:
Come to the hollow heart they slander so!
Kiss and be friends, like children being chid!

262. 1847–48. prince.

I seem no more: *I* want forgiveness too:
I should have had to do with none but maids,
That have no links with men. Ah false but dear,
Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—why?—Yet see,
Before these kings we embrace you yet once more
With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
And trust, not love, you less.
And now, O Sire,
Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon him,
Like mine own brother. For my debt to him,
This nightmare weight of gratitude, I know it;
Taunt me no more: yourself and yours shall have
Free adit; we will scatter all our maids
Till happier times each to her proper hearth:
What use to keep them here now? grant my prayer.
Help, father, brother, help; speak to the king:
Thaw this male nature to some touch of that
Which kills me with myself, and drags me down
From my fixt height to mob me up with all
The soft and milky rabble of womankind,
Poor weakling ev'n as they are."
Passionate tears
Follow'd: the king replied not: Cyril said:
"Your brother, Lady,—Florian,—ask for him
Of your great head—for he is wounded too—
That you may tend upon him with the Prince."
"Ay so," said Ida with a bitter smile,
"Our laws are broken: let him enter too."
Then Violet, she that sang the mournful song,
And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,
Petition'd too for him. "Ay so," she said,
"I stagger in the stream: I cannot keep
My heart an eddy from the brawling hour:
We break our laws with ease, but let it be."
"Ay so?" said Blanche: "Amazed am I to hear
Your Highness: but your Highness breaks with ease

275. The comma after "traitor" first inserted in 1853, likewise both commas in 279 *infra*.
283. Generally used as a mining term, as a passage for the conveyance of water under ground; here in its strict Latin sense, entrance (*aditus*).
290. No comma in 1847.
298. No comma after "song" till 1853.
304. 1847–48. I am all amaze to hear.

The law your Highness did not make: 'twas I.
I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,
And block'd them out; but these men came to woo
Your Highness—verily I think to win."

So she, and turn'd askance a wintry eye:
But Ida with a voice, that like a bell
Toll'd by an earthquake in a trembling tower,
Rang ruin, answer'd full of grief and scorn.

"Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
Not only he, but by my mother's soul,
Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
Shall enter, if he will. Let our girls flit,
Till the storm die! but had you stood by us,
The roar that breaks the Pharos from his base
Had left us rock. She fain would sting us too,
But shall not. Pass, and mingle with your likes.
We brook no further insult but are gone."

After 313 in 1847–48 came this passage, afterwards excised:—

"What! in our time of glory, when the cause
Now stands up, first, a trophied pillar—now
So clipt, so stinted in our triumph—barr'd
Ev'n from our free heart-thanks, and every way
Thwarted and vext, and lastly catechised
By our own creature! one that made our laws!
Our great she-Solon! her that built the nest
To hatch the cuckoo! whom we call'd our friend!
But we will crush the lie that glances at us
As cloaking in the larger charities
Some baby predilection: all amazed!
We must amaze this legislator more.
Fling our doors, etc.

319. Pharos was properly the island in the Bay of Alexandria on which Ptolemy Philadelphus built the famous lighthouse; afterwards the word became a synonym for a lighthouse, as more than once in the Greek Anthology, and here.

Between lines 321 and 322 comes this passage in 1847–48, afterwards excised:—

Go, help the half-brain'd dwarf, Society,
To find low motives unto noble deeds,
To fix all doubt upon the darker side;
Go, fitter thou for narrowest neighbourhoods,
Old talker, haunt where gossip breeds and seethes
And festers in provincial sloth: and, you,
That think we sought to practise on a life
Risk'd for our own, and trusted to our hands,
What say you, Sir? you hear us: deem ye not
'Tis all too like that even now we scheme,
In one broad death confounding friend and foe,
To drug them all? revolve it: you are man,
And therefore no doubt wise; but after this, etc.

She turn'd; the very nape of her white neck
Was rosed with indignation: but the Prince
Her brother came; the king her father charm'd
Her wounded soul with words: nor did mine own
Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand.

Then us they lifted up, dead weights, and bare
Straight to the doors: to them the doors gave way
Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shriek'd
The virgin marble under iron heels:
And on they moved and gain'd the hall, and there
Rested: but great the crush was, and each base,
To left and right, of those tall columns drown'd
In silken fluctuation and the swarm
Of female whisperers: at the further end
Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,
Bow-back'd with fear: but in the centre stood
The common men with rolling eyes; amazed
They glared upon the women, and aghast
The women stared at these, all silent, save
When armour clash'd or jingled, while the day,
Descending, struck athwart the hall, and shot
A flying splendour out of brass and steel,
That o'er the statues leapt from head to head,
Now fired an angry Pallas on the helm,
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame,
And now and then an echo started up,
And shuddering fled from room to room, and died
Of fright in far apartments.
Then the voice
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance:
And me they bore up the broad stairs, and thro'
The long-laid galleries past a hundred doors
To one deep chamber shut from sound, and due
To languid limbs and sickness; left me in it;
And others otherwhere they laid; and all

332. 1847–48. And they moved on.
340. The second edition (1848) has "amaze," evidently a misprint.
347, 348. The symbolism in "*angry* Pallas" and "*wrathful* Dian," as before in the "groaning" doors and in the "shrieking" of the "virgin marble," is obvious and happy.

That afternoon a sound arose of hoof
And chariot, many a maiden passing home
Till happier times; but some were left of those
Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,
From those two hosts that lay beside the walls,
Walk'd at their will, and everything was changed.

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
  The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
  With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
    Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
  I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
  Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
    Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
  I strove against the stream and all in vain:
  Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
    Ask me no more.

The song added in 1850, no variants since.

VII

So was their sanctuary violated,
So their fair college turn'd to hospital;
At first with all confusion: by and by
Sweet order lived again with other laws:
A kindlier influence reign'd; and everywhere
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick: the maidens came, they talk'd,
They sang, they read: till she not fair, began
To gather light, and she that was, became
Her former beauty treble; and to and fro
With books, with flowers, with Angel offices,
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,
And hatred of her weakness, blent with shame.
Old studies fail'd; seldom she spoke, but oft
Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for hours
On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men
Darkening her female field: void was her use,
And she as one that climbs a peak to gaze
O'er land and main, and sees a great black cloud

VII

3. 1875, by and by; 1880, by and bye; subsequently, by and by.
20 *seqq.* With this *cf. Iliad*, iv. 275:—

ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἀπὸ σκοπιῆς ἴδεν νίφος αἰπόλος ἀνήρ,
ἐρχόμενον κατὰ πόντον ὑπὸ Ζεφύροιο ἰωῆς·
τῷ δὲ τ', ἄνευθεν ἰόντι, μελάντερον, ἠΰτε πίσσα,
φαίνετ' ἰὸν κατὰ πόντον, ἄγει δέ τε λαίλαπα πολλήν

(As when a goatherd from some hill peak sees a cloud coming across the deep with the blast of the west wind behind it; and to him, being as he is afar, it seems blacker even as pitch as it goes along the sea, and it brings a great whirlwind with it). Virgil also imitates it, *Æneid*, xii. 451–55. *Cf.*, too, Lucretius, vi. 256 *seqq.* But Tennyson said the simile in the text was not suggested to him by Homer, but by "a coming storm seen from the top of Snowdon," which adds greatly to the interest of the parallel.

Drag inward from the deeps, a wall of night,
Blot out the slope of sea from verge to shore,
And suck the blinding splendour from the sand,
And quenching lake by lake and tarn by tarn
Expunge the world: so fared she gazing there;
So blacken'd all her world in secret, blank
And waste it seem'd and vain; till down she came,
And found fair peace once more among the sick.

And twilight dawn'd; and morn by morn the lark
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres, but I
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life:
And twilight gloom'd; and broader-grown the bowers
Drew the great night into themselves, and Heaven,
Star after star, arose and fell; but I,
Deeper than those weird doubts could reach me, lay
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the hand
That nursed me, more than infants in their sleep.

But Psyche tended Florian: with her oft,
Melissa came; for Blanche had gone, but left
Her child among us, willing she should keep
Court-favour: here and there the small bright head,
A light of healing, glanced about the couch,
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face
Peep'd, shining in upon the wounded man
With blush and smile, a medicine in themselves
To wile the length from languorous hours, and draw
The sting from pain; nor seem'd it strange that soon
He rose up whole, and those fair charities
Join'd at her side; nor stranger seem'd that hearts
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in love,
Than when two dewdrops on the petal shake
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper down,
And slip at once all-fragrant into one.

33. 1847–48. broader grown (no hyphen).
34. Commas after "Heaven" and "star" inserted in 1850, and in the two earlier editions only a comma after "fell."
36. Added in 1851.
37. 1847–48–50. Lay sunder'd from the moving Universe.
40. The comma after "oft" was first inserted in 1860; it is dropped in 1885, but subsequently reappears.
48. Comma was first inserted in 1853.
54. Comma after "air" added in 1851.

Less prosperously the second suit obtain'd
At first with Psyche. Not tho' Blanche had sworn
That after that dark night among the fields,
She needs must wed him for her own good name;
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored;
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd
To incense the Head once more; till on a day
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind
Seen but of Psyche: on her foot she hung
A moment, and she heard, at which her face
A little flush'd, and she past on; but each
Assumed from thence a half-consent involved
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at peace.

Nor only these: Love in the sacred halls
Held carnival at will, and flying struck
With showers of random sweet on maid and man.
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,
Nor did mine own now reconciled; nor yet
Did those twin brothers, risen again and whole;
Nor Arac, satiate with his victory.

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat:
Then came a change; for sometimes I would catch
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek
"You are not Ida;" clasp it once again,
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,
And call her sweet, as if in irony,
And call her hard and cold which seem'd a truth:
And still she fear'd that I should lose my mind,
And often she believed that I should die:
Till out of long frustration of her care,
And pensive tendance in the all-weary noons,
And watches in the dead, the dark, when clocks
Throbb'd thunder thro' the palace floors, or call'd
On flying Time from all their silver tongues—

The comma after line 58 disappeared after 1875.
60. 1847–48. Spelt "though" in this line—
Not though he built on what she said of the child.
64. 1847. Full stop after "Psyche."
65, 66. Commas after "moment" and "flush'd" were added in 1853.
Comma after line 80 added in 1853.

And out of memories of her kindlier days,
And sidelong glances at my father's grief,
And at the happy lovers heart in heart—
And out of hauntings of my spoken love,
And lonely listenings to my mutter'd dream,
And often feeling of the helpless hands,
And wordless broodings on the wasted cheek—
From all a closer interest flourish'd up,
Tenderness touch by touch, and last, to these,
Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with tears
By some cold morning glacier; frail at first
And feeble, all unconscious of itself,
But such as gather'd colour day by day.

Last I woke sane, but well-nigh close to death
For weakness: it was evening: silent light
Slept on the painted walls, wherein were wrought
Two grand designs; for on one side arose
The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd
At the Oppian law. Titanic shapes, they cramm'd
The forum, and half-crush'd among the rest
A dwarflike Cato cower'd. On the other side
Hortensia spoke against the tax; behind,
A train of dames: by axe and eagle sat,
With all their foreheads drawn in Roman scowls,
And half the wolf's-milk curdled in their veins,
The fierce triumvirs; and before them paused
Hortensia pleading: angry was her face.

98. Comma added in 1850.

107 *seqq.* In B.C. 213, in the middle of the second Punic War, Caius Oppius carried a law to curtail the expenses and luxuries of the Roman women, enacting that no woman should have more than an ounce of gold, nor wear a dress of different colours, nor ride in a carriage in the city nor in any town, or within a mile of it, unless on account of public sacrifices. In B.C. 195 the women, who had found a champion in L. Valerius, Tribune of the Plebs, rose in rebellion against it, and in spite of the opposition of the elder Cato, forced its repeal. See for a full and graphic account of this, Livy, xxxiv. 1–8. The tax Hortensia, the daughter of Quintus Hortensius, opposed was levied on wealthy Roman matrons, after the assassination of Julius Cæsar, to defray the expenses of the war against Brutus and Cassius, and she pleaded before the triumvirs, Antony, Octavian, and Lepidus, procuring its rejection. See Valerius Maximus, viii. 3.

111. 1847–48. little. 1850. dwarflike. In and after 1872. dwarf-like.

I saw the forms: I knew not where I was:
They did but look like hollow shows; nor more
Sweet Ida: palm to palm she sat: the dew
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape
And rounder seem'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand:
Then all for languor and self-pity ran
Mine down my face, and with what life I had,
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

"If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,
I would but ask you to fulfil yourself:
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night.
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die."

I could no more, but lay like one in trance,
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,
And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; she paused;
She stoop'd; and out of languor leapt a cry;
Leapt fiery Passion from the brinks of death;
And I believed that in the living world
My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips;
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose
Glowing all over noble shame; and all

After 118 in 1847–48–50 appears this line:—
Sad[1] phantoms conjured out of circumstance.
119. 1847–48–50. Ghosts of the fading brain, they seem'd; nor more.
1851–53. seem as hollow shows.
122. 1847–8–50–1–3. And rounder show'd.
140. 1847–48:—
She stoop'd; and with a great shock of the heart
Our mouths met: out of languor leapt a cry,
Crown'd[2] Passion from the brinks of death, and up
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips.
The present reading dates from 1850, except that line 142 was added in 1851.

[1] 1850. Strange. [2] 1848. Leapt.

Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood
Than in her mould that other, when she came
From barren deeps to conquer all with love;
And down the streaming crystal dropt; and she
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,
Naked, a double light in air and wave,
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out
For worship without end; nor end of mine,
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep.

Deep in the night I woke: she, near me, held
A volume of the Poets of her land:
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

148 *seqq.* In these lines we have as it were in quintessence the lovely passage in the Homeric *Hymn to Aphrodite*, 58–68: for the rising from the sea, *cf.* Hesiod, *Theog.* 190–91.

161. After 1875 this and the following blank-verse lyric printed in small type.

169, 170. *Cf.* Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 93–98.

I heard her turn the page; she found a small
Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she read:

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls

177 *seqq.* Well might Tennyson say of this "Idyl" that it ranks with his "most successful work," exquisite alike in its magical touches of description, in its subtle allegorical suggestiveness, and in the charm of its diction and music. In its picture of Swiss mountain scenery it may be compared with Coleridge's magnificent *Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*. But it owes its exquisitely felicitous touches to studies on the spot, for it was written, as we learn from Tennyson's *Life*, chiefly at Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald. It is interesting also as an illustration of his most characteristic work. Taking the framework from Theocritus, he wreathes round, beneath, and over it such a wealth of original ornament that it is barely discernible, but, barely discernible, it supports the work. This "small sweet Idyl" is modelled on the Cyclops' invocation to Galatea in Theocritus (*Idyll*, xi. 20–79), but in the details one touch only has been directly imitated from the original:—

Leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope,
Τὰν γλαυκὰν δὲ θάλασσαν ἔα σύριγι χέρσον ἰαχεῖν
(Leave the blue sea to roll against the land).

But throughout it is the *note* of Theocritus, not of the eleventh idyll alone, but of Idyll iii., and of the song of Battus in Id. x.

185–88. A glorification of the Terentian *sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. For the fondness of the fox for grapes, see Song of Solomon ii. 15, Æsop's well-known fable, Aristophanes' *Equites*, 1076, Theocritus, *Id.* i. 45, and many other passages in classical and modern literature.

188. This is one of those subtleties of suggestive symbol so common in Tennyson and in his master Virgil. Beside the more obvious image of Love not caring to haunt the icy loneliness of the mountain peaks, the reference to the Silberhorn, one of the spurs of the Jungfrau, being obvious, there is also a suggestion of the crescent of Diana, the symbol of virginity, and the association of virginity with "morn" and "death" needs no comment.

189. All editions till 1860. Silver Horns.

To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

So she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
Listening; then look'd. Pale was the perfect face;
The bosom with long sighs labour'd; and meek
Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
And the voice trembled and the hand. She said
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd
In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;
That all her labour was but as a block
Left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
She still were loth to yield herself to one
That wholly scorn'd to help their equal rights
Against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.
She pray'd me not to judge their cause from her
That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth than power
In knowledge: something wild within her breast,
A greater than all knowledge, beat her down.
And she had nursed me there from week to week:
Much had she learnt in little time. In part
It was ill counsel had misled the girl
To vex true hearts: yet was she but a girl—
"Ah fool, and made myself a queen of farce!

201. The extreme artificiality of the expression is perhaps justified by what is symbolised, the steady serenity of domestic life as contrasted with the wild, leak turmoil of elemental nature associated with "the dangling water-smoke."

206. Recalls Virgil's *Ecl.* i. 59:—

Nec gemere aëriâ cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

When comes another such? never, I think,
Till the Sun drop dead from the signs."
Her voice
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her hands,
And her great heart thro' all the faultful Past
Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not break;
Till notice of a change in the dark world
Was lispt about the acacias, and a bird,
That early woke to feed her little ones,
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light:
She moved, and at her feet the volume fell.

"Blame not thyself too much," I said, "nor blame
Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
These were the rough ways of the world till now.
Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,

230. Commas after "drop" and "dead" were added in 1880.

234 *seqq.* On this Mr. Wallace has an admirable note: "It is noteworthy, as testifying to Tennyson's minute handling of details, that in the moment of her supreme sorrowful remorse, when the Prince is awed from intrusion upon her musings, it is the cry of a bird on her motherly duties that breaks the spell and recalls her to the pleadings of her lover."

235, 236. The commas after these lines first added in 1850.

239 *seqq.* With this *cf.* Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Women* (Dedication): "If woman be not prepared by education to become the companion of man, she will stop the progress of knowledge and virtue; for truth must be common to all, or it will be inefficacious with respect to its influence on general practice. And how can woman be expected to co-operate unless she know why she ought to be virtuous, unless freedom strengthen her reason till she comprehend her duty and see in what manner it is connected with her real good. If children are to be educated to understand the true principle of patriotism, their mother must be a patriot; and the love of mankind, from which an orderly train of virtues spring, can only be produced by considering the moral and civil interest of mankind."

245. Out of Lethe. *Cf.* Plato, *Rep.* x. 621, and Virgil, *Æneid*, vi. 748:—

Has omnes, ubi mille rotam volvere per annos,
Lethæum ad fluvium deus evocat agmine magno,
Scilicet immemores supera ut convexa revisant
Rursus, et incipiant in corpora velle reverti.

248. *Cf.* the well-known song, recently traced to William Ross Wallace (see *Notes and Queries* for October 29, 1898):—

For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

How shall men grow? but work no more alone!
Our place is much: as far as in us lies
We two will serve them both in aiding her—
Will clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her—let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm:
Then springs the crowning race of humankind.
May these things be!"
Sighing she spoke "I fear
They will not."

250–56. 1847–48:—
How shall men grow? We two will serve them both
In aiding her, strip off, as in us lies,
(Our place is much) the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—
Will leave her field to burgeon and to bloom
From all within her, make herself her own.

261. 1847–48. Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this. "Love" is not spelt with a capital till 1860.

268. 1847–48. The former line ends with a colon, and this line reads:—
More as the double-natured Poet each:

"Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest
Of equal; seeing either sex alone
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal: each fulfils
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life."
And again sighing she spoke: "A dream
That once was mine! what woman taught you this?"

"Alone" I said "from earlier than I know,
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the world,
I loved the woman: he, that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with crime:
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved her, one
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who look'd all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Sway'd to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."
"But I,"
Said Ida, tremulously, "so all unlike—

a86. See Plato's *Symposium*, Aristophanes' discourse, 189-90.
a89. Commas added in 1850.
a93. With this picture of the "ideal" woman, which it is interesting to know was in some respects a sketch of Tennyson's own mother, *cf.* Wordsworth's poem, "She was a phantom of delight," and the picture of "the maid" in the *Prelude*, xii. 121 *sqq.*; and *cf.*, too, Tennyson's own fuller sketch, in the character of Edith, in *Aylmer's Field*.
313. 1847-48. Said Ida, "so unlike, so all unlike—

It seems you love to cheat yourself with words:
This mother is your model. I have heard
Of your strange doubts: they well might be: I seem
A mockery to my own self. Never, Prince;
You cannot love me."
"Nay but thee" I said
"From yearlong poring on thy pictured eyes,
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen, and saw
Thee woman thro' the crust of iron moods
That mask'd thee from men's reverence up, and forced
Sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood: now,
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro' thee,
Indeed I love: the new day comes, the light
Dearer for night, as dearer thou for faults
Lived over: lift thine eyes; my doubts are dead,
My haunting sense of hollow shows: the change,
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it. Dear,
Look up, and let thy nature strike on mine,
Like yonder morning on the blind half-world;
Approach and fear not; breathe upon my brows;
In that fine air I tremble, all the past
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and this
Is morn to more, and all the rich to-come
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland reels
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds. Forgive me,
I waste my heart in signs: let be. My bride,
My wife, my life. O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me."

315. 1847–48–50. This mother is your model. Never, Prince.
316, 317. Added in 1851.
Between 319 and 320. 1847–48. Or some mysterious or magnetic touch.
324. Comma after this line added in 1853.
327. 1847–48–50. doubt me no more.
328, 329. Added in 1851.
330. The first comma added in 1851, and the second in 1853.
335. 1847–48–50. I scarce believe, and all the rich to come (without hyphen).
337. 1847–48. flowers. 1850. leaves.
344. Semicolon was inserted in 1851.

CONCLUSION

So closed our tale, of which I give you all
The random scheme as wildly as it rose:
The words are mostly mine; for when we ceased
There came a minute's pause, and Walter said,
"I wish she had not yielded!" then to me,
"What, if you drest it up poetically!"
So pray'd the men, the women: I gave assent:
Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of seven
Together in one sheaf? What style could suit?
The men required that I should give throughout
The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,
With which we banter'd little Lilia first:
The women—and perhaps they felt their power,

CONCLUSION

In the first two editions the opening lines ran thus:—

Here closed our compound story which at first
Had only[1] meant to banter little maids
With mock-heroics and with parody:
But slipt in some strange way, crost with burlesque,
From mock to earnest, even into tones
Of tragic, and with less and less of jest
To such a serious end that Lilia fixt
A showery glance upon her Aunt and said,
"You—tell us what we are;" who there began
A treatise, growing with it, and might have flow'd
In axiom worthier to be grav'n on rock,
Than all that lasts of old-world hieroglyph,
Or lichen-fretted Rune and arrowhead;
But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed
At sundown, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.
And I and some went out, and mingled with them.
And there we saw Sir Walter, etc.

In 1850 the former opening was excised, and the opening as it now stands substituted.

[1] 1848. Perhaps, but.

For something in the ballads which they sang,
Or in their silent influence as they sat,
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn close—
They hated banter, wish'd for something real,
A gallant fight, a noble princess—why
Not make her true-heroic—true-sublime?
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?
Which yet with such a framework scarce could be.
Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,
Betwixt the mockers and the realists:
And I, betwixt them both, to please them both,
And yet to give the story as it rose,
I moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself nor them.

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no part
In our dispute: the sequel of the tale
Had touch'd her; and she sat, she pluck'd the grass,
She flung it from her, thinking: last, she fixt
A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,
"You—tell us what we are" who might have told,
For she was cramm'd with theories out of books,
But that there rose a shout: the gates were closed
At sunset, and the crowd were swarming now,
To take their leave, about the garden rails.

So I and some went out to these: we climb'd
The slope to Vivian-place, and turning saw
The happy valleys, half in light, and half
Far-shadowing from the west, a land of peace;
Gray halls alone among their massive groves;
Trim hamlets; here and there a rustic tower
Half-lost in belts of hop and breadths of wheat;
The shimmering glimpses of a stream; the seas;
A red sail, or a white; and far beyond,
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.

"Look there, a garden!" said my college friend,
The Tory member's elder son, "and there!

41. 1850–51. vallies.

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood firm against the crowd—
But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden heat,
The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,
The king is scared, the soldier will not fight,
The little boys begin to shoot and stab,
A kingdom topples over with a shriek
Like an old woman, and down rolls the world
In mock heroics stranger than our own;
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most
No graver than a schoolboys' barring out;
Too comic for the solemn things they are,
Too solemn for the comic touches in them,
Like our wild Princess with as wise a dream
As some of theirs—God bless the narrow seas!
I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad."
"Have patience," I replied, "ourselves are full
Of social wrong; and maybe wildest dreams
Are but the needful preludes of the truth:
For me, the genial day, the happy crowd,
The sport half-science, fill me with a faith.
This fine old world of ours is but a child
Yet in the go-cart. Patience! Give it time
To learn its limbs: there is a hand that guides."

In such discourse we gain'd the garden rails,

51. *Cf. Ode on the Death of Wellington*:—
A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers.

58 *seqq.* A reference to the Revolution in Paris, February 1848, which dethroned Louis Philippe and set up a Republic; a description as truthful as it is sarcastic.

65. 1850–51. all.

70. *Cf. Merchant of Venice*, II. viii.:—
Marry, well remember'd,
. . . . The narrow seas that part
The French and English.

72. In and after 1875 "Have patience" began a new paragraph.

And there we saw Sir Walter where he stood,
Before a tower of crimson holly-oaks,
Among six boys, head under head, and look'd
No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shoulder'd genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize-oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A quarter-sessions chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn;
Now shaking hands with him, now him, of those
That stood the nearest—now address'd to speech—
Who spoke few words and pithy, such as closed
Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the year
To follow: a shout rose again, and made
The long line of the approaching rookery swerve
From the elms, and shook the branches of the deer
From slope to slope thro' distant ferns, and rang
Beyond the bourn of sunset; O, a shout
More joyful than the city-roar that hails
Premier or king! Why should not these great Sirs
Give up their parks some dozen times a year
To let the people breathe? So thrice they cried,
I likewise, and in groups they stream'd away.

But we went back to the Abbey, and sat on,
So much the gathering darkness charm'd: we sat
But spoke not, rapt in nameless reverie,
Perchance upon the future man: the walls
Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and owls whoop'd,
And gradually the powers of the night,
That range above the region of the wind,
Deepening the courts of twilight broke them up

96. 1847–48. arose.
102–4. 1847–48.
Why don't these acred Sirs
Throw up their parks some dozen times a year
And let the people breathe?
108. 1847–48. Saying little.
113 *seqq. Cf. Mariana in the South*:—
And deepening thro' the silent spheres
Heaven over Heaven rose the night.

Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of Heavens.

Last little Lilia, rising quietly,
Disrobed the glimmering statue of Sir Ralph
From those rich silks, and home well-pleased we went.

116. 1847–48. without sound.

MAUD

INTRODUCTION

rson never reprinted the beautiful poem of which is the expansion, but a transcript of it, which I here s a necessary preliminary to a critical study of the poem. It appeared under the title of "Stanzas by l Tennyson, Esq.," and it runs thus:—

Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than any thing on earth.

A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful dose I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
For the meeting of to-morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity—
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow-vapours choke.
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes—a dull red ball,
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there—
Thro' all that crowd, confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call—
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall.

Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;

Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep, and weep and weep
My whole soul out to Thee.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Would the happy Spirit descend
In the chamber or the street
As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the region of thy rest."

But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden, that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
Then I lose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?

But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates—
Clad in light the Spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky.

These verses, entitled only *Stanzas*, were contributed by Tennyson in 1837 to a collection of miscellaneous unpublished poems edited in that year by Lord Northampton.[1] Some years afterwards, Sir John Simeon, who greatly admired the poem, observed to Tennyson that to make it more fully intelligible a preceding one was necessary. Tennyson took the suggestion, and in the autumn and winter of 1854 composed a poem which he at first entitled "Maud or the Madness." It was written at Farringford, was finished on the 10th of January 1855, copied out for the press at the end of April, but it was not till the 7th of July that the last touches were put to it. It was published together with *The Brook*, *The Letters*, the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, *The Daisy*, *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice*, *Will*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

If we compare this poem with the *Stanzas*, and most of them are incorporated in section xxvi., we shall see that it is, with certain political interpolations,

[1] *The Tribute: A Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems.* By various Authors. Edited by Lord Northampton. London: John Murray. MDCCCXXXVII.

little more than an interpretation and expansion of what in the *Stanzas* finds only lyrical expression; in other words, it is the translation of a lyrical into a dramatic monologue, or rather, an attempt to blend both. And the process was simple. Tennyson had already sketched in *Locksley Hall* a young man with a tragical history, "a trampled orphan," without fortune, without sanity, whom disappointed love had soured into a cynical railer against his kind and against society, but who had had at last the good sense to see that the true remedy for his state lay in "mixing with action." In *Maud* this hero reappears, but with a different history. The son of a once wealthy man, who, having been tempted to embark his money on "a vast speculation," had lost it, had gone mad and met with a violent death, probably by his own hand, he has settled in the neighbourhood of the estates and manorial hall which had once belonged to his family. Here he broods over his misfortunes, and becomes, according to his measure, a sort of Timon-Hamlet, his unhappiness and mortification being increased by the fact that the man who had been instrumental in ruining his father is now in possession of the mansion and property which had belonged to him. Though their near neighbour, and though formerly he had been intimately acquainted with the family at the Hall, having indeed been the playfellow of the daughter Maud when they were children, he declines to be on speaking terms with any one of them. The father is "a gray old wolf," the brother "an oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull, smelling of musk and of insolence." The tirades against wealth, mercenary marriages, and the like, in which his prototype in *Locksley Hall* indulged more briefly, he repeats and expands, his misanthropy indeed extending much further. At last he finds his Amy *in Maud*, the daughter and sister of the subjects of

his invectives. Gradually he yields to the fascination which she exercises over him, and what for a time irradiated the life of his prototype irradiates his. Suddenly and tragically comes the catastrophe, not as in *Locksley Hall*, but in consequence of his killing Maud's brother in a duel and his being therefore obliged to fly the country. All this in some way involves Maud's death, and Maud's death the insanity of the hero. At this point is interwoven, but surely somewhat awkwardly, the romance on which the *Stanzas* turn. There the hero, while yearning for the spirit presence of his dead Love, is haunted by a mere "mechanic ghost" of her, which is, as he well knows, a figment of his own morbid fancy, "a blot upon the brain," "a death-like type of pain," while the ghost which he would fain see—the real Spirit of his Beloved, which is in heaven, "clad in light" "to embrace him in the sky"—he can only see in his *mind*. In *Maud* the first of these phantoms appears as "the ghastly Wraith" which glided out of the wood when Maud's brother fell, and is the shadow which is described as haunting him in section xxiii.; which is with him in his madness, and which finally leaves him when he is on the deck of the ship carrying him to the Crimean War; the second is the one which

> seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
> And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars.
> (xxviii. 1.)

The hero in *Locksley Hall* having made up his mind that "action" and sympathy were the remedy for his maladies, simply "goes," we are not told whither; the hero of *Maud* coming to the same conclusion, embarks for the Crimean War.

By representing the Crimean War as having roused his

hero from his egotism and despair, as well as by the commentaries on that war which he puts in his mouth, Tennyson made the poem bear very immediately on contemporary politics. It was composed and appeared when the excitement about the Crimean War was at its height, when the "peace-party," represented by John Bright and others, was clamouring in opposition to the war, and the Government and the "war-party" were on their defence. Tennyson's own sympathies, as his other writings show, were, like those of his friends Henry and Franklin Lushington,[1] enthusiastically on the side of the war-party, and it was not perhaps very skilful advocacy to make so crazy a person as the hero of this poem the mouthpiece, in all seriousness, of the opinions and sentiments of that party. Thus the poem was, in some respects, the manifesto of a political faction, and into the very unfavourable contemporary critiques of the work political prejudice undoubtedly entered. It has passed now into a serener region.

As Tennyson always maintained that *Maud* was one of his masterpieces, and as it appears to have been his favourite among his poems, we may well pause before accepting the verdict which some even of his most enthusiastic admirers have passed on it. The substance of his own account of the poem is this: "'This poem is a little *Hamlet*,' the history of a morbid poetic soul, under the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age. He is the heir of madness, an egotist with the makings of a cynic, raised to sanity by a pure and holy love which elevates his whole nature, passing from the height of triumph to the lowest depth of misery, driven into madness by the loss of her whom he has loved, and, when

[1] See their spirited verses on the war, reprinted in 1900 under the title of *Wagers of Battle*.

he has at length passed through the fiery furnace, and has recovered his reason, giving himself up to work for the good of mankind through the unselfishness born of his great passion. . . . The peculiarity of this poem is that different phases of passion in one person take the place of different characters."[1]

The chief infirmities of the poem from a dramatic point of view are probably these. The hero is too essentially commonplace to create the interest which the protagonist in an elaborate work of art in poetry should create. He is a young man who has nothing but his misfortunes to distinguish him from other young men of the average order; he has neither wit nor humour, he is neither original nor brilliant. His serious reflections and sentiments never rise above platitudes, variously coloured by a temperament vulgarly morbid or trivially sane. With a strong dash of the mere snob, he is without dignity or even self-respect. He is what the Greeks called φαῦλος, and therefore a most improper person for the hero of a serious poem. The poem, too, is an attempt to blend wholly incongruous elements. The monologues are at once drama and lyric—at times purely dramatic, at times purely lyric. The consequence is that what becomes absurd in relation to drama becomes exquisitely beautiful as lyric, and what is absurd as lyric becomes appropriate as drama. What, for example, could be feebler, or, to speak plainly, more silly, than "Go not, happy day," when regarded intrinsically as lyric, but what could be more appropriate when regarded in relation to the drama? It is so throughout the poem. Sections composed in the baldest, flattest, and most prosaically colloquial style jostle with sections composed in a tone and style so exquisitely poetical and finished that Tennyson has scarcely equalled

[1] *Life*, vol. i. p. 396.

them elsewhere. Tennyson spoke of the poem as an experiment, but surely it was an experiment which can hardly be regarded as a success.

But when we regard the poem not as a dramatic study and in relation to dramatic art, but in its relation to pure lyric, it is not difficult to account for the fascination which it had for its author, and which it must have for all to whom lyric and music appeal. As a masterpiece of rhythm it must rank among the wonders of art. Never perhaps have emotion and passion in their various phases found in words a medium of expression so subtly responsive, so wholly adequate. The stormy wail of the opening section; the reposeful pause when the youth first meets Maud and her tranquil beauty begins to win on him; the contrast between re-orient Nature's joy and the fierce, troubled, and gloomy unrest of the again despairing youth; the trumpet note of Maud's song; the jarring discord struck by the meeting with the brother; the rapid alternations of hope, of depression, of despair, of joy, of longing, till joy culminates in the "Come into the garden, Maud"; the wail of agony and horror in "The fault was mine"; the moan of despair and hopeless misery in the "Courage, poor heart of stone"; the passion of the past in the exquisitely pathetic verses incorporated from the *Stanzas*; the dislocated jabberings of the insane man; the bounding lilt of renewed hope and life in the closing section — all these are marvellous triumphs of rhythmic expression.

Another great charm of the poem is the exquisite treatment of Nature, which, as in *In Memoriam*, is penetrated subjectively with emotion, and becomes in symbol a sort of chorus—to employ the term in the Greek dramatic sense—to the action. This note is struck in the first section, where "the flying gold of the ruin'd wood-

lands" is associated with the wreck of the father's fortunes. So just before the love of Maud is to bring Spring into the hero's stormy life, it is described how, "walking in a wintry wind," he found

> The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

And when, again, at the end of the poem, another Spring is to come to him, not through the love of Maud, but through his resolve to mix with action and be "one with his kind," the same symbolism indicates it.

> My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
> When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
> *And the shining daffodil dies*, and the Charioteer
> And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
> *Over Orion's grave low down in the west.*
>
> (xxviii. i.)

So the approaching joy is heralded by "the million emeralds" which "break from the ruby-budded lime"; the meeting with the brother, by morn arising "stormy and pale"; the interview in the rose-garden, by every flower in it aglow with the transforming ecstasy; while the heavens "falling in a gentle rain, when they should burst and drown with deluging storms," is as pathetically significant as "Mars glowing like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast" is significant in another sense.

Maud is the least classical, both in diction and colour, of all Tennyson's longer poems, reminding us, and sometimes very disagreeably, of what was known in the second decade of the last century as the "Cockney School," and still more frequently of the "Spasmodic School," the influence of such works as Bailey's *Festus* and Alexander Smith's *Life Drama* being very perceptible throughout the poem. We see it in "the dozing pimpernel," the "perky pines," "the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk," in the "beating

stars," in "the enchanted moan of the long waves," in "the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire," and the like. And, indeed, the hero bears very little resemblance to Hamlet, with whom Tennyson compared him, and a very close resemblance to a hero whom Tennyson would perhaps have been ashamed to own as an archetype, Smith's Walter. That such a poem should have succeeded *In Memoriam* is at least a proof of its author's versatility.

Maud was not received with much favour by Tennyson's contemporaries. Shortly after its appearance it was parodied in a ludicrous travesty by a writer calling himself "A Poet of the People," in a poem entitled *Anti-Maud*. Another poetical counterblast to it was a poem with the title of *Vindiciæ Pacis*, inserted in a collection called *Modern Manichæism* and *Labour's Utopia*, by one W. T. Thornton. *Blackwood*, speaking more in grief than in anger, "rose from its perusal dispirited and sorrowful," feeling that "it was not a light thing nor a trivial annoyance to have it forced upon one's conviction that the man who has unquestionably occupied for years the first place among British poets is losing ground with each successive effort." What the rest of the *canaille* of the press and of letters thought of it is not worth recording,[1] but their verdicts had the effect of bringing into the field the author of a work which Tennyson honoured by expressing a wish that it should be permanently associated, as a commentary, with his poem. This was *Maud Vindicated*, an explanatory essay written by Dr. R. J. Mann, an essay of which Tennyson said at the time, "No one with this essay before him can in future pretend to misunderstand my dramatic poem." And at the end of his life we are told that he desired Dr. Mann's commentary on the position of the hero when the poem

[1] See *Life*, vol. i. p. 400.

opens to be inserted among the authentic "notes" on the work. George Brimley wrote a heartily appreciative review of it; but the most precious testimony in its favour was that of the author of *Ionica* in the beautiful verses inscribed *After reading Maud.*

Tennyson appears to have been under the impression that *Maud* was not popularly appreciated because it was not understood, and he has therefore left an annotated analysis of it, which will be found in the *Life*, vol. i. pp. 402–405. Of that I have availed myself in the notes.

The text of *Maud* as it now stands was practically settled in the second edition of 1856. The first edition was published in 1855, an important excision having been made in the proof-sheets, and in the same year in America. In a copy of the American edition now in the British Museum, Tennyson made a few alterations, some in pencil and some in ink, most of which appeared in the second edition. In the second edition what now form stanzas 14, 15, and 16 in section i., lines 34–35 and lines 53–59 and 67–68 of section x., the whole of sections xix. and xxv., and lines 54–59 in the last section, were added. Since then the alterations have been few and unimportant. In 1859 the poem was divided into two parts, and in or about 1872 into three.

MAUD

[PART I]

I

1

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath,
The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers "Death."

2

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,
His who had given me life — O father! O God! was it well?—
Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground:
There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell.

3

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd,
And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair,
And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd,
And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air.

I

Introduces the hero and describes his position.

3. *Cf.* Æschylus, *Agamemnon*, 1280: φάβου δόμοι πνέουσιν αἱματοσταγῆ (all the palace reeks of blood-dripping horror).

4. *Cf. Paradise Lost*, ii. 787–89.

9. 1855. great speculation.

10. *Cf.* Hamlet, II. ii.: "from her working, all his visage *wann'd*."

4

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright,
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night.

5

Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all.
Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintain'd:
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,
Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd.

6

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse,
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own;
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone?

7

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word?
Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.

I

23 *seqq.* All that follows to the end of stanza 12 may be compared with Teufelsdröckh's soliloquy in *Sartor Resartus*, book i. chap. ii., which it follows so closely that it would seem to be something more than an accidental coincidence.

8

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust.

9

Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie;
Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine.

10

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.

11

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights.

I

39. 1865. "And" substituted for "While."
40. Later editions substitute comma for full stop at "life."
41. A centre-bit is an instrument used for drilling cylindrical holes, and is a common tool of burglars. *Cf.* Sikes in Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, ch. xix., "Is there no help wanted?" . . . "None 'cept a centre-bit and a boy."

12

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,
And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,
Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea,
War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones.

13

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam,
That the smoothfaced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand, home.——

14

What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood?
Must *I* too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie?

15

Would there be sorrow for *me*? there was *love* in the passionate shriek,
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave—
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak
And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave.

I

46. A reference to the alleged brutalities of Timour, or Tamerlane, the great Mongolian conqueror, at the capture of Siwas, where he is said to have had a thousand children crushed under the feet of his horsemen.

53 *seqq.* Stanzas 14, 15, 16, added in 1856.

16

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main.
Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here?
O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,
Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear?

17

There are workmen up at the Hall: they are coming back from abroad;
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionnaire:
I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud;
I play'd with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair.

18

Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,—

19

What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse.
No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone.
Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse.
I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

I

65. "There are" deleted in 1862.
76. 1865. myself in myself. A return to the reading of the original MS. (see *Life*, i. 118).

II

Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last!
It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savour nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past,
Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,
Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,
Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd,
Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,
Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;
Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong
Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before
Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,
Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long

II

First sight of Maud.

6. *Cf.* the younger Pliny's remark about a certain orator: "His only fault is that he has no fault," *Nihil peccat nisi quod nihil peccat* (*Epist.* IX. XXVI.). *Cf. Idylls, Lancelot and Elaine*:—

He is all fault who hath no fault at all.

III

Visions of the night.

Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,
But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,
Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

IV

1

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be
Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,
When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,
Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,
The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land?

2

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!
And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite;

III

11, 12. *Cf.* Mann's *Maud Vindicated*, pp. 16, 17: "The roar of the breakers on the shore of Chale Bay, in the Isle of Wight, is occasionally heard nine miles away, and all around the rocky parts of the island the coast is edged with deep beds of coarse shingle, which actually *screams* as the backwater following every broken wave drags it down again towards the deep."

14. *Cf.* xxviii. 7, 8. On its significance, see Introduction. The first proofs read "The sweet Narcissus."

IV

Mood of bitterness after fancied disdain.

And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a Czar;
And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall;
And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light;
But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

3

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race?
I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd;
I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor;
But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face.
O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud;
Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor.

4

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal;
I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like
A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way:
For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey.

IV

9. *Cf.* xxviii. 4: "God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar." The reference is to the double dealing of the Emperor Nicholas, his assurance that his interference with Turkey was solely in the interests of the Christian communities in Turkey, whereas his real object was the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, the main cause of the Crimean War. See *London Gazette* for March 28, 1854.

14. 1855. abroad.

22. *Cf. In Memoriam*, lvi. 15, 16, and the note.

5

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower;
Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?
Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour;
We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame;
However we brave it out, we men are a little breed.

6

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,
For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,
And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race.
As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man:
He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

7

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,
An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor
The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice.
I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain;
For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice.

IV

26, 27. *Cf.* Fitzgerald's version of the *Rubaiyat*:—

Impotent pieces of the game he plays
Upon this checquer board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

31. Eft is placed probably for the Ichthyosaurus, and that monster for those which preceded the formation of man.

41. The tenet both of the Epicureans and Stoics. See the commentators on Horace, *Epist.* I. vi. 1, 2.

8

For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.
Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?
Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide.
Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?
Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout?
I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide.

9

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,
Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub of lies;
From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise
Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,
Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.

10

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,
The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill.
Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife.
Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above;
Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will;
You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.

IV

43–45. *Cf.* Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epist. i. 21–28.
46, 47. References respectively to the Russian and Austrian occupation of Cracow, the final dismemberment of Poland in March 1846, and to the defeat of the Hungarians under Görgei in 1849.
48. After 1874, "I" italicised.

V

1

A voice by the cedar tree,
In the meadow under the Hall!
She is singing an air that is known to me,
A passionate ballad gallant and gay,
A martial song like a trumpet's call!
Singing alone in the morning of life,
In the happy morning of life and of May,
Singing of men that in battle array,
Ready in heart and ready in hand,
March with banner and bugle and fife
To the death, for their native land.

2

Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,
And myself so languid and base.

3

Silence, beautiful voice!
Be still, for you only trouble the mind
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,
A glory I shall not find.
Still! I will hear you no more,
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice
But to move to the meadow and fall before
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,
Not her, not her, but a voice.

V

Maud's song: he fights against his growing passion.

4, 5. *Cf.* Sidney: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet" (*Apol. for Poetrie*, ed. Arber, p. 46).

VI

1

Morning arises stormy and pale,
No sun, but a wannish glare
In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,
And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd
Caught and cuff'd by the gale:
I had fancied it would be fair.

2

Whom but Maud should I meet
Last night, when the sunset burn'd
On the blossom'd gable-ends
At the head of the village street,
Whom but Maud should I meet?
And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet
She made me divine amends
For a courtesy not return'd.

3

And thus a delicate spark
Of glowing and growing light
Thro' the livelong hours of the dark
Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams,
Ready to burst in a colour'd flame;
Till at last when the morning came
In a cloud, it faded, and seems
But an ashen-gray delight.

4

What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare
Of some coquettish deceit,
Cleopatra-like as of old
To entangle me when we met,
To have her lion roll in a silken net
And fawn at a victor's feet.

VI

First interview with Maud: she casts her spell over him.

5

Ah, what shall I be at fifty
Should Nature keep me alive,
If I find the world so bitter
When I am but twenty-five?
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile were all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

6

What if tho' her eye seem'd full
Of a kind intent to me,
What if that dandy-despot, he,
That jewell'd mass of millinery,
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—
What if he had told her yestermorn
How prettily for his own sweet sake
A face of tenderness might be feign'd,
And a moist mirage in desert eyes,
That so, when the rotten hustings shake
In another month to his brazen lies,
A wretched vote may be gain'd.

7

For a raven ever croaks, at my side,
Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward,
Or thou wilt prove their tool.
Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,
For often a man's own angry pride
Is cap and bells for a fool.

8

Perhaps the smile and tender tone
Came out of her pitying womanhood,
For am I not, am I not, here alone
So many a summer since she died,
My mother, who was so gentle and good?
Living alone in an empty house,
Here half-hid in the gleaming wood,
Where I hear the dead at midday moan,
And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse,
And my own sad name in corners cried,
When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown
About its echoing chambers wide,
Till a morbid hate and horror have grown
Of a world in which I have hardly mixt,
And a morbid eating lichen fixt
On a heart half-turn'd to stone.

9

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught
By that you swore to withstand?
For what was it else within me wrought
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love,
That made my tongue so stammer and trip
When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand,
Come sliding out of her sacred glove,
And the sunlight broke from her lip?

10

I have play'd with her when a child;
She remembers it now we meet.
Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled
By some coquettish deceit.
Yet, if she were not a cheat,
If Maud were all that she seem'd,
And her smile had all that I dream'd,
Then the world were not so bitter
But a smile could make it sweet.

VI

71. *Cf. Mariana in the Moated Grange*:—
The mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd.
89. In or before 1875. may.

VII

1

Did I hear it half in a doze
  Long since, I know not where?
Did I dream it an hour ago,
  When asleep in this arm-chair?

2

Men were drinking together,
  Drinking and talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, the boy
  Will have plenty: so let it be."

3

Is it an echo of something
  Read with a boy's delight,
Viziers nodding together
  In some Arabian night?

4

Strange, that I hear two men,
  Somewhere, talking of me;
"Well, if it prove a girl, my boy
  Will have plenty: so let it be."

VIII

She came to the village church,
And sat by a pillar alone;
An angel watching an urn
Wept over her, carved in stone;

VII

He remembers a conversation between Maud's father and his own just before Maud was born.

VIII

In the village church.

And once, but once, she lifted her eyes,
And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd
To find they were met by my own;
And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger
And thicker, until I heard no longer
The snowy-banded, dilettante,
Delicate-handed priest intone;
And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd
"No surely, now it cannot be pride."

IX

I was walking a mile,
More than a mile from the shore,
The sun look'd out with a smile
Betwixt the cloud and the moor,
And riding at set of day
Over the dark moor land,
Rapidly riding far away,
She waved to me with her hand.
There were two at her side,
Something flash'd in the sun,
Down by the hill I saw them ride,
In a moment they were gone:
Like a sudden spark
Struck vainly in the night,
And back returns the dark
With no more hope of light.

X

1

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?
Was not one of the two at her side
This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks
The slavish hat from the villager's head?

IX

Sees Maud's suitor first.
15. 1865. Then.

X

Maud's suitor described.
3. Tennyson's MS. altered "new-made" into "pale young," but this alteration never appeared in printed text.

Whose old grand-father has lately died,
Gone to a blacker pit, for whom
Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks
And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom
Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine
Master of half a servile shire,
And left his coal all turn'd into gold
To a grandson, first of his noble line,
Rich in the grace all women desire,
Strong in the power that all men adore,
And simper and set their voices lower,
And soften as if to a girl, and hold
Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine,
Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,
New as his title, built last year,
There amid perky larches and pine,
And over the sullen-purple moor
(Look at it) pricking a cockney ear.

2

What, has he found my jewel out?
For one of the two that rode at her side
Bound for the Hall, I was sure was he:
Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride.
Blithe would her brother's acceptance be.
Maud could be gracious too, no doubt,
To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,
A bought commission, a waxen face,
A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—
Bought? what is it he cannot buy?
And therefore splenetic, personal, base,
A wounded thing with a rancourous cry,
At war with myself and a wretched race,
Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I.

X

22. After line 22 in the original proof sheets were inserted four sections, excised in proof: a transcript of them by Mr. Herne Shepherd will be found in the *North American Review* for October 1884, in an article entitled "The Genesis of Maud": two of them are given in Tennyson's *Life*, i. 403, but erroneously as belonging to xi.

34, 35. Added in 1856.

3

Last week came one to the country town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well:
This broad-brim'd hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is stuff'd with his cotton, and rings
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

4

I wish I could hear again
The chivalrous battle-song
That she warbled alone in her joy!
I might persuade myself then
She would not do herself this great wrong
To take a wanton dissolute boy
For a man and leader of men.

5

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,

X

41, 42. As John Bright was most prominent among the party which was at the time this poem was written opposing the war with Russia, it is difficult to believe that this was not a reference to him; but Tennyson denied this, saying that he did not know at the time that Bright was a Quaker (see *Life*, i. 403). Bright certainly took it as referring to himself (see Mr. Jennings' *Lord Tennyson*, p. 96). *Cf. The Third of February*:—

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may bawl,
What England was, shall her true sons forget?
We are not cotton-spinners all.

42. 1862 onwards, cramm'd.

53 *seqq.* The whole of this stanza added in 1856.

Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

6

And ah for a man to arise in me,
That the man I am may cease to be!

XI

1

O let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet;
Then let come what come may,
What matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

2

Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me
Before I am quite quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may
To a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

XII

1

Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.

X

67, 68. Added in 1856.

XI

He yields to his passion.
12. *Cf. Macbeth*, I. iii.: "Come what come may."

XII

Interview with Maud.
1–4. Tennyson's comment on this is: "'Maud, Maud, Maud,' is like the rook's caw. 'Maud is here, here, here' (st. 3) is like the call of the little birds."

2

Where was Maud? in our wood;
And I, who else, was with her,
Gathering woodland lilies,
Myriads blow together.

3

Birds in our wood sang
Ringing thro' the valleys,
Maud is here, here, here
In among the lilies.

4

I kiss'd her slender hand,
She took the kiss sedately;
Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately.

5

I to cry out on pride
Who have won her favour!
O Maud were sure of Heaven
If lowliness could save her.

6

I know the way she went
Home with her maiden posy,
For her feet have touch'd the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.

7

Birds in the high Hall-garden
Were crying and calling to her,
Where is Maud, Maud, Maud,
One is come to woo her.

XII

24. Not a subjective touch, but pure nature. "Anyone with eyes could surely have known how a woman's dress brushing across the daisies tilts their heads and lets us see the rosy under petals."—Tennyson's own remark on the passage (Rawnsley's *Memories of the Tennysons*, p. 109).

28. Later editions after 1871 have mark of interrogation.

8

Look, a horse at the door,
And little King Charley snarling,
Go back, my lord, across the moor,
You are not her darling.

XIII

1

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,
Is that a matter to make me fret?
That a calamity hard to be borne?
Well, he may live to hate me yet.
Fool that I am to be vext with his pride!
I past him, I was crossing his lands;
He stood on the path a little aside;
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,
Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white,
And six feet two, as I think, he stands;
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands.

2

Who shall call me ungentle, unfair,
I long'd so heartily then and there
To give him the grasp of fellowship;
But while I past he was humming an air,
Stopt, and then with a riding whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.

XII.

30. 1855. King Charles is.

XIII

Maud's brother slights him.
15. 1855. earnestly.
22. *Cf.* Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, I. v. 32:—
staring wide
With stonie eyes.

3

Why sits he here in his father's chair?
That old man never comes to his place:
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?
For only once, in the village street,
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,
A gray old wolf and a lean.
Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat;
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,
She might by a true descent be untrue;
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet:
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due
To the sweeter blood by the other side;
Her mother has been a thing complete,
However she came to be so allied.
And fair without, faithful within,
Maud to him is nothing akin:
Some peculiar mystic grace
Made her only the child of her mother,
And heap'd the whole inherited sin
On that huge scapegoat of the race,
All, all upon the brother.

4

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!
Has not his sister smiled on me?

XIV

1

Maud has a garden of roses
And lilies fair on a lawn;
There she walks in her state
And tends upon bed and bower,

XIII
42. *Cf.* Leviticus xvi. 20–22.

XIV
The shadow of the future.

And thither I climb'd at dawn
And stood by her garden-gate;
A lion ramps at the top,
He is clasp't by a passion-flower.

2

Maud's own little oak-room
(Which Maud, like a precious stone
Set in the heart of the carven gloom,
Lights with herself, when alone
She sits by her music and books,
And her brother lingers late
With a roystering company) looks
Upon Maud's own garden-gate:
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white
As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid
On the hasp of the window, and my Delight
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide,
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side,
There were but a step to be made.

3

The fancy flatter'd my mind,
And again seem'd overbold;
Now I thought that she cared for me,
Now I thought she was kind
Only because she was cold.

4

I heard no sound where I stood
But the rivulet on from the lawn
Running down to my own dark wood;
Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd
Now and then in the dim-gray dawn;
But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld
The death-white curtain drawn;
Felt a horror over me creep,
Prickle my skin and catch my breath,
Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep,
Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep
of death.

XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,
  And I make myself such evil cheer,
That if I be dear to some one else,
  Then some one else may have much to fear;
But if I be dear to some one else,
  Then I should be to myself more dear.
Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else.

XVI

1

This lump of earth has left his estate
The lighter by the loss of his weight;
And so that he find what he went to seek,
And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown
His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,
He may stay for a year who has gone for a week:
But this is the day when I must speak,
And I see my Oread coming down,
O this is the day!
O beautiful creature, what am I
That I dare to look her way;
Think I may hold dominion sweet,
Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,
And dream of her beauty with tender dread,
From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,
And she knows it not: O, if she knew it,
To know her beauty might half undo it.

XV

Duty of self-preservation.
3. Maud.
4. Maud's suitor.
3–5. Later editions italicise "I."

XVI

He resolves to declare his love.

I know it the one bright thing to save
My yet young life in the wilds of Time,
Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,
Perhaps from a selfish grave.

2

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,
Dare I bid her abide by her word?
Should I love her so well if she
Had given her word to a thing so low?
Shall I love her as well if she
Can break her word were it even for me?
I trust that it is not so.

3

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,
Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye,
For I must tell her before we part,
I must tell her, or die.

XVII

Go not, happy day,
From the shining fields,
Go not, happy day,
Till the maiden yields.
Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth.
When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships.
Over blowing seas,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the West;

XVII

His joy at finding his love returned.
12. "Over glowing ships," substituted 1872, and retained since.

Till the red man dance
  By his red cedar tree,
And the red man's babe
  Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from West to East,
  Blush from East to West,
Till the West is East,
  Blush it thro' the West.
Rosy is the West,
  Rosy is the South,
Roses are her cheeks,
  And a rose her mouth.

XVIII

1

I have led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.
And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

2

None like her, none.
Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

3

There is none like her, none.
Nor will be when our summers have deceased.
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,

Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

4

Here will I lie, while these long branches sway,
And you fair stars that crown a happy day
Go in and out as if at merry play,
Who am no more so all forlorn,
As when it seem'd far better to be born
To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand,
Than nursed at ease and brought to understand
A sad astrology, the boundless plan
That makes you tyrants in your iron skies,
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man.

5

But now shine on, and what care I,
Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl
The countercharm of space and hollow sky,
And do accept my madness, and would die
To save from some slight shame one simple girl.

6

Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give
More life to Love than is or ever was
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live.

XVIII

21. *Cf. Lycidas*, 140: "honied showers."
36. Tennyson's comment on this is: "Modern astronomy, for of old trology was thought to sympathize with and rule man's fate" (*Life*, i. 404). *C.* Hazlitt's remark: "The heavens have gone farther off and become tronomical" (Talfourd, *Final Memorials of Lamb*, chap. viii.).
40. The sad grand note of Lucretius (*De Rer. Nat.* v. 1204 *seqq.*).

Let no one ask me how it came to pass;
It seems that I am happy, that to me
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

7

Not die; but live a life of truest breath,
And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs.
O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs,
Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death?
Make answer, Maud my bliss,
Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss,
Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?
"The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

8

Is that enchanted moan only the swell
Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?
And hark the clock within, the silver knell
Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white,
And died to live, long as my pulses play;
But now by this my love has closed her sight
And given false death her hand, and stol'n away
To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell
Among the fragments of the golden day.
May nothing there her maiden grace affright!
Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell.
My bride to be, my evermore delight,
My own heart's heart and ownest own farewell;
It is but for a little space I go
And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell
Beat to the noiseless music of the night!

XVIII

53. Tennyson's comment on this is: "This is the central idea, the holy power of Love" (*Life*, i. 404), and the best comment on it is *In Memoriam*.

55, 56. *Cf. The Princess*, iv.: "Not a death's-head at the wine." In the convivial poetry of the Greeks and Romans the certainty of quick-coming death at once saddens and gives a zest to the enjoyment of which it is the expression. See *Pseudo Anacreon*, xliii., xlviii. (edit. Bergk); Horace, *Odes*, ii., iii.; Petronius, *Arbiter Satyricon*, cap. xxiv.

58. So till 1881 inclusive; in 1884 "loving" substituted for "lover's," the final reading.

74. 1872. my ownest own.

Has our whole earth gone nearer to the glow
Of your soft splendours that you look so bright?
I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell.
Beat, happy stars, timing with things below,
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe
That seems to draw—but it shall not be so:
Let all be well, be well.

XIX

1

Her brother is coming back to-night,
Breaking up my dream of delight.

2

My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walk'd awake with Truth.
O when did a morning shine
So rich in atonement as this
For my dark-dawning youth,
Darken'd watching a mother decline
And that dead man at her heart and mine:
For who was left to watch her but I?
Yet so did I let my freshness die.

3

I trust that I did not talk
To gentle Maud in our walk
(For often in lonely wanderings
I have cursed him even to lifeless things)
But I trust that I did not talk,
Not touch on her father's sin:
I am sure I did but speak
Of my mother's faded cheek

XVIII.

81–83. With these verses *cf.* Alexander Smith, *A Life Drama*, sc. ii.:—
One great life in my myriad veins, in leaves, in flowers, in cloudy cars,
. . . . . beating overhead in stars.

XIX

Confidences explaining the past and preparing the way for the future. The whole of this section was added in 1856.

When it slowly grew so thin,
That I felt she was slowly dying
Vext with lawyers and harass'd with debt:
For how often I caught her with eyes all wet,
Shaking her head at her son and sighing
A world of trouble within!

4

And Maud too, Maud was moved
To speak of the mother she loved
As one scarce less forlorn,
Dying abroad and it seems apart
From him who had ceased to share her heart,
And ever mourning over the feud,
The household Fury sprinkled with blood
By which our houses are torn:
How strange was what she said,
When only Maud and the brother
Hung over her dying bed—
That Maud's dark father and mine
Had bound us one to the other,
Betrothed us over their wine,
On the day when Maud was born;
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath.
Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death,
Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn.

5

But the true blood spilt had in it a heat
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so sweet:
And none of us thought of a something beyond,
A desire that awoke in the heart of the child,
As it were a duty done to the tomb,
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled;
And I was cursing them and my doom,
And letting a dangerous thought run wild
While often abroad in the fragrant gloom
Of foreign churches—I see her there,
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer
To be friends, to be reconciled!

6

But then what a flint is he!
Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,
I find whenever she touch'd on me
This brother had laugh'd her down,
And at last, when each came home,
He had darken'd into a frown,
Chid her, and forbid her to speak
To me, her friend of the years before;
And this was what had redden'd her cheek
When I bow'd to her on the moor.

7

Yet Maud, altho' not blind
To the faults of his heart and mind,
I see she cannot but love him,
And says he is rough but kind,
And wishes me to approve him,
And tells me, when she lay
Sick once, with a fear of worse,
That he left his wine and horses and play,
Sat with her, read to her, night and day,
And tended her like a nurse.

8

Kind? but the deathbed desire
Spurn'd by this heir of the liar—
Rough but kind? yet I know
He has plotted against me in this,
That he plots against me still.
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss.
Well, rough but kind; why let it be so:
For shall not Maud have her will?

9

For, Maud, so tender and true,
As long as my life endures
I feel I shall owe you a debt,
That I never can hope to pay;

And if ever I should forget
That I owe this debt to you
And for your sweet sake to yours;
O then, what then shall I say?—
If ever I *should* forget,
May God make me more wretched
Than ever I have been yet!

10

So now I have sworn to bury
All this dead body of hate,
I feel so free and so clear
By the loss of that dead weight,
That I should grow light-headed, I fear,
Fantastically merry;
But that her brother comes, like a blight
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.

XX

1

Strange, that I felt so gay,
Strange, that I tried to-day
To beguile her melancholy;
The Sultan, as we name him,—
She did not wish to blame him—
But he vext her and perplext her
With his worldly talk and folly:
Was it gentle to reprove her
For stealing out of view
From a little lazy lover
Who but claims her as his due?
Or for chilling his caresses
By the coldness of her manners,
Nay, the plainness of her dresses?
Now I know her but in two,
Nor can pronounce upon it

XX

Eve of the festival.
2. Later editions italicise "I."

If one should ask me whether
The habit, hat, and feather,
Or the frock and gipsy bonnet
Be the neater and completer;
For nothing can be sweeter
Than maiden Maud in either.

2

But to-morrow, if we live,
Our ponderous squire will give
A grand political dinner
To half the squirelings near;
And Maud will wear her jewels,
And the bird of prey will hover,
And the titmouse hope to win her
With his chirrup at her ear.

3

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers,
And every eye but mine will glance
At Maud in all her glory.

4

For I am not invited,
But, with the Sultan's pardon,
I am all as well delighted,
For I know her own rose-garden,
And mean to linger in it
Till the dancing will be over;
And then, oh then, come out to me
For a minute, but for a minute,
Come out to your own true lover,
That your true lover may see
Your glory also, and render
All homage to his own darling,
Queen Maud in all her splendour.

XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,
And bringing me down from the Hall
This garden-rose that I found,
Forgetful of Maud and me,
And lost in trouble and moving round
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,
And trying to pass to the sea;
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,
My Maud has sent it by thee
(If I read her sweet will right)
On a blushing mission to me,
Saying in odour and colour, "Ah, be
Among the roses to-night."

XXII

1

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

2

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

XXI
The invitation.

XXII
In the rose-garden.

For the form and to some extent for the rhythm of the stanza employed in this section Tennyson was indebted to Dryden. See song intended for the madhouse scene in *The Pilgrim*, printed in Dryden's *Miscellanies* (Globe edit. p. 385), but much of the music is the music of Shelley's *Cloud*.

6. "rose is" substituted in 1872, and retained since.

3

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

4

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

5

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever, mine."

6

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

7

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

8

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

9

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

10

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

11

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

[Part II]

XXIII

1

"The fault was mine, the fault was mine"—
Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,
Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?—
It is this guilty hand!—
And there rises ever a passionate cry
From underneath in the darkening land—
What is it, that has been done?
O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,
The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun,
The fires of Hell and of Hate;
For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word,
When her brother ran in his rage to the gate,
He came with the babe-faced lord;
Heap'd on her terms of disgrace,
And while she wept, and I strove to be cool,
He fiercely gave me the lie,
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,
And he struck me, madman, over the face,
Struck me before the languid fool,
Who was gaping and grinning by:
Struck for himself an evil stroke;
Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe;
For front to front in an hour we stood,
And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke
From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood,
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code,
That must have life for a blow.
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow.
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?
"The fault was mine," he whisper'd, "fly!"

XXIII

As the poem is now divided, this begins part ii., and some time is supposed to intervene between this section and the last. What had occurred is related in this section.

26. The unwritten law regulating "affairs of honour" and authorising duels.

Then glided out of the joyous wood
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die.

2

Is it gone? my pulses beat—
What was it? a lying trick of the brain?
Yet I thought I saw her stand,
A shadow there at my feet,
High over the shadowy land.
It is gone; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain,
When they should burst and drown with deluging storms
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust,
The little hearts that know not how to forgive:
Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just,
Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms,
That sting each other here in the dust;
We are not worthy to live.

XXIV

1

See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!

XXIII

31, 32. The "Wraith" is the phantom of Maud: see Introduction. The epithet "joyous" is explained by the first stanza of the first section of the poem, and implies a fine impersonation.

XXIV

Retrospect and anticipation. In Brittany, whither he had fled after the duel. "The shell undestroyed amid the storm perhaps symbolizes to him his own first and highest nature preserved amid the storms of passion."—Tennyson's note (*Life*, i. 404).

2

What is it? a learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name it who can,
The beauty would be the same.

3

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurl'd,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Thro' his dim water-world?

4

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand,
Small, but a work divine,
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock,
Here on the Breton strand!

5

Breton, not Briton; here
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast,
Of ancient fable and fear—
Plagued with a flitting to and fro,
A disease, a hard mechanic ghost
That never came from on high
Nor ever arose from below,

XXIV

11, 12. *Cf. Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii.:—
A rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

But only moves with the moving eye,
Flying along the land and the main—
Why should it look like Maud?
Am I to be overawed
By what I cannot but know
Is a juggle born of the brain?

6

Back from the Breton coast,
Sick of a nameless fear,
Back to the dark sea-line
Looking, thinking of all I have lost;
An old song vexes my ear;
But that of Lamech is mine.

7

For years, a measureless ill,
For years, for ever, to part—
But she, she would love me still;
And as long, O God, as she
Have a grain of love for me,
So long, no doubt, no doubt,
Shall I nurse in my dark heart,
However weary, a spark of will
Not to be trampled out.

8

Strange, that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye,—

XXIV

41, 42. So Macbeth of the dagger; one of the tests of "sanity," as distinguished from "insanity," is the consciousness that hallucination is hallucination. *Cf.* xxvii., where the distinction is lost:—

Ever about me the dead men go.

48. *Cf.* Gen. iv. 23: "And Lamech said unto his wives . . . Hear my voice; ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech: for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt."

58–70. This is profoundly true to nature. Miss Wordsworth very appositely quotes Rossetti, *The Wood-spurge*:—

From perfect grief there need not be
Wisdom, or even memory.
One thing, then learnt, remains to me,
—The wood-spurge has a cup of three.

For further striking illustrations see Sophocles, *Philocteles*, 952–55, Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, st. vii., and Crabbe, *Borough*, Letter xxiii. 264–68.

That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by!
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings
(For he had many, poor worm) and thought
It is his mother's hair.

9

Who knows if he be dead?
Whether I need have fled?
Am I guilty of blood?
However this may be,
Comfort her, comfort her, all things good,
While I am over the sea!
Let me and my passionate love go by,
But speak to her all things holy and high,
Whatever happen to me!
Me and my harmful love go by;
But come to her waking, find her asleep,
Powers of the height, Powers of the deep,
And comfort her tho' I die.

XXV

Courage, poor heart of stone!
I will not ask thee why
Thou canst not understand
That thou art left for ever alone:
Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.—
Or if I ask thee why,
Care not thou to reply:
She is but dead, and the time is at hand
When thou shalt more than die.

XXV

Despair.

dded in 1856; necessary to explain what follows. Tennyson's note on is: "He felt himself going mad."

XXVI

1

O that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

2

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces
Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter
Than any thing on earth.

3

A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

4

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

XXVI

Tennyson's note to this masterpiece, this "perfect chrysolite," is: "Haunted after Maud's death." The whole of this section, with the exception of stanza 6 and a portion of stanzas 7 and 13, is a reproduction of the *Stanzas* of 1837: see Introduction.

7. 1855. Of the land.

10. 1872 and onward. anything.

13–16. *Cf.* Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, IV. ii.:—

> O that it were possible we might
> But hold some two days' conference with the dead!
> From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure
> I never shall know here.

5

Half the night I waste in sighs,
Half in dreams I sorrow after
The delight of early skies;
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of the morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

6

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And a dewy splendour falls
On the little flower that clings
To the turrets and the walls;
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,
And the light and shadow fleet;
She is walking in the meadow,
And the woodland echo rings;
In a moment we shall meet;
She is singing in the meadow,
And the rivulet at her feet
Ripples on in light and shadow
To the ballad that she sings.

7

Do I hear her sing as of old,
My bird with the shining head,
My own dove with the tender eye?
But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry,
There is some one dying or dead,
And a sullen thunder is roll'd;
For a tumult shakes the city,
And I wake, my dream is fled;
In the shuddering dawn, behold,
Without knowledge, without pity,
By the curtains of my bed
That abiding phantom cold.

XXVI

52. *Cf.* Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, Act iii. Sc. i.:—
Is not yon gleam the *shuddering* morne?

8

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Mix not memory with doubt,
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,
Pass and cease to move about,
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

9

Then I rise, the eavedrops fall,
And the yellow vapours choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes, a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke
On the misty river-tide.

10

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame,
It crosses here, it crosses there,
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

11

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet evenfall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old manorial hall.

12

Would the happy spirit descend,
From the realms of light and song,
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest,

Should I fear to greet my friend
Or to say "forgive the wrong,"
Or to ask her, "take me, sweet,
To the regions of thy rest?"

13

But the broad light glares and beats,
And the shadow flits and fleets
And will not let me be;
And I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me:
Always I long to creep
Into some still cavern deep,
There to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

XXVII

1

Dead, long dead,
Long dead!
And my heart is a handful of dust,
And the wheels go over my head,
And my bones are shaken with pain,
For into a shallow grave they are thrust,
Only a yard beneath the street,
And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,
The hoofs of the horses beat,
Beat into my scalp and my brain,
With never an end to the stream of passing feet,
Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying,
Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter,
And here beneath it is all as bad,

XXVII

nnyson entitles this "In the mad-house." The whole of this section exactly accurate study in morbid psychology; the insanity depicted, not that of Lear, monomania, the brooding on one idea, eddy without ression, but the resolution of the whole character, intellectually and etically, into chaos. His only *delusion* is that he is dead, but the ideas ɔt radiate from the delusion.

For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so;
To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad?
But up and down and to and fro,
Ever about me the dead men go;
And then to hear a dead man chatter
Is enough to drive one mad.

2

Wretchedest age, since Time began,
They cannot even bury a man;
And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone,
Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read;
It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead;
There is none that does his work, not one;
A touch of their office might have sufficed,
But the churchmen fain would kill their church,
As the churches have kill'd their Christ.

3

See, there is one of us sobbing,
No limit to his distress;
And another, a lord of all things, praying
To his own great self, as I guess;
And another, a statesman there, betraying
His party-secret, fool, to the press;
And yonder a vile physician, blabbing
The case of his patient—all for what?
To tickle the maggot born in an empty head,
And wheedle a world that loves him not,
For it is but a world of the dead.

4

Nothing but idiot gabble!
For the prophecy given of old
And then not understood,
Has come to pass as foretold;

XXVII

42. It is perhaps idle to speculate about the prophecy referred to, but probably, as an anonymous critic has suggested, it refers to St. Luke's Gospel, xii. 2, 3.

Not let any man think for the public good,
But babble, merely for babble.
For I never whisper'd a private affair
Within the hearing of cat or mouse,
No, not to myself in the closet alone,
But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house;
Everything came to be known:
Who told *him* we were there?

5

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back
From the wilderness, full of wolves, where he used to lie;
He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to crack;
Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die.

6

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
And curse me the British vermin, the rat;
I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship,
But I know that he lies and listens mute
In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes:
Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,
Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls!
It is all used up for that.

7

Tell him now: she is standing here at my head;
Not beautiful now, not even kind;
He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind,
But is ever the one thing silent here.
She is not of us, as I divine;
She comes from another stiller world of the dead,
Stiller, not fairer than mine.

XXVII

62. 1855. Arsenic, arsenic, sir.
69. 1884 and onward. *of*.

8

But I know where a garden grows,
Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and rose
That blow by night, when the season is good,
To the sound of dancing music and flutes:
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,
And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood;
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride;
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes,
Would he have that hole in his side?

9

But what will the old man say?
He laid a cruel snare in a pit
To catch a friend of mine one stormy day;
Yet now I could even weep to think of it;
For what will the old man say
When he comes to the second corpse in the pit?

10

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,
Then to strike him and lay him low,
That were a public merit, far,
Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin;
But the red life spilt for a private blow—
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war
Are scarcely even akin.

11

O me, why have they not buried me deep enough?
Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough,
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper?
Maybe still I am but half-dead;
Then I cannot be wholly dumb;

XXVII

88. "The second corpse is Maud's brother, the lover's father being the first corpse, whom the lover thinks that Maud's father has murdered."—Tennyson's note (*Life*, i. 404).

I will cry to the steps above my head,
And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come
To bury me, bury me
Deeper, ever so little deeper.

[Part III]

XXVIII

1

My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear,
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing:
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,
That like a silent lightning under the stars
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,
And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—
"And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,
Knowing I tarry for thee," and pointed to Mars
As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

2

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,
That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;
And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair
When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,
That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,

XXVIII

In the later editions of the poem this is arranged as part iii. Tennyson's note to it is: "Sane but shattered." And he adds that it was written when the cannon was heard booming from the battleships in the Solent before the Crimean War.

6. See Introduction.

13, 14. The present Lord Tennyson says that on the 16th of March 1854 his father was looking through his study window at the planet Mars "as he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast" (*Life*, i. 372), and surely nothing could be more felicitous than the application here given to a simple fact.

The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,
Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionnaire:
No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,
And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

3

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,
"It is time, it is time, O passionate heart," said I
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),
"It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die."
And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath
With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,
Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly
Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

4

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire;

XXVIII

27. *Cf.* Bacchylides (Fragment on Peace):—
ἐν δὲ σιδαροδίνοις πόρπαξιν αἰθᾶν
ἀράχνᾶν ἱσταὶ πίλοντα.
(And in the iron-woven shield-handles are the looms of tawny spiders). Theocritus, *Id.* xvi. 96, has the same image.
36. The false phantom of Maud, the "ghastly Wraith" of xxiii. 32.
45. 1855. God's just doom.
48. 1875 onward. frëer.

For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done,
And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,
And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames
The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

5

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind;
It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

XXVIII

50. 1855. For the long long canker of peace. In the MS. note in American edition this line is first altered into "For the peace that had nothing noble," then "For the peace that I thought no peace"; "thought" being then deleted, and present reading "deem'd" substituted.

54–59. Added in 1856. In American edition the MS. addition reads "war" for "the war." Two attempts at this stanza were made and afterwards erased:—

(1) Let it go or stay, so I ~~live~~ } henceforth resigned
walk }
By the light of a love not lost, with a purer mind
And rejoice in my native land, and am one with my kind.

(2) And I rise from } a life half-lost with a better mind
~~—So after~~ }
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assign'd
And rejoice in my native land and am one with my kind.

And lastly—

Let it flame or fade and the war roll down like a wind.
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still.
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind.
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill.
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assign'd.

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